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The Week

TWO important state trials will take place in Russia in the near future. A group of technical experts, engineers and industrialists are to be tried on charges of counter-revolutionary activity, espionage and treason, and soon thereafter, a second group, of agricultural experts, will also be tried on the same charges. On the eve of the first of these trials, the Soviet government has made public a great mass of testimony supporting the claim that these individuals and many others were involved in a great counter-revolutionary plot in which the governments of England, France, Rumania, Poland, Finland and other countries were also implicated. The plot is alleged to have been for a concerted military drive against Russia, originally planned for the summer of 1930 but postponed, because of unfavorable conditions, until the summer of 1931. An "incident" was to happen on the Rumanian frontier; Rumania would declare war, and the other countries follow in quick succession. A Polish-Rumanian-French army of 600,000 men would repeat Napoleon's march on Moscow, while the British fleet operated in the Black Sea and the Baltic. The part of the counter-revolutionaries inside Russia is described as being miscellaneous sabotage in the endeavor to break down Russia's power to resist. Seemingly, the government of the U. S. S. R. considers that criticisms of the speed with which the Five Year Plan is being put into effect are part of the plot, on the ground that if these critics had their way, progress would be slower and Soviet Russia less able to fight off its enemies.

IT IS obvious that one of three things must be true regarding this tale: it is false, or it is partially or wholly true. If it is false or only partly true, the Soviet officials who put it out may be cognizant of the facts, or they may be victims of their own credulity. The American daily press has dismissed it as being wildly impossible, and unofficial denials have been made by several European governments and some of the important individuals supposed to be implicated. Such denials, of course, may be brushed aside; they would be made if the story were true down to the last semicolon. More important as a test of credibility are certain internal evidences. It is true that allegations of such a plot, coming at this moment, are of the greatest usefulness to the dominant group in Russia in silencing Communist critics at home, who consider that too much pressure is being exerted in the attempt to achieve the Five Year Plan in four years. It is also true that the story seems too perfect to be real: its details fit together with an accuracy and simplicity rarely witnessed in real life. Europe is full of spies of every country; they lie to each other and to the governments which employ them; a reckless statement by some stupid, chauvinistic, minor official of a hostile country is accepted as gospel truth and as representing the deliberate policy of his government, a policy which he usually would not be aware of, even if it existed. The Western powers which hate Russia also hate each other; it is hard to believe that they would stand together very long, even for the sake of overthrowing the U. S. S. R.

WHILE all this is true, it would be most unwise to reject the story at this stage as being without foundation. After all, France and England have coöperated in the past in supporting, with men, money and munitions, a whole series of military

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adventures against Russia, under the White leadership of Denikin, Judenitch, Wrangel and Kolchak. The same groups which were then eager to see a Menshevik or Tsarist government set up still exist, although perhaps less influential than they were. The Western powers, moreover, are more than ever afraid of the economic competition of Russia, a fear augmented in recent months by the dumping of some Soviet products in world markets at prices with which private capitalist industry cannot compete. In the State trials which are about to begin, no doubt the evidence in support of the allegations will be set forth in detail. It should make interesting reading; and we suggest that in the meantime judgment be suspended.

FROM the revolt of the more upstanding and progressive members of both parties in Congress against the much-advertised Republican-Democratic truce, it becomes clearer how the land lies. It sounds well for the Democratic leaders to say that they will not obstruct appropriation bills and measures for unemployment relief. Why, indeed, should they or anyone else do so? The only conceivable reason is to force the administration to give Congress a chance to pass other legislation in a special session. And why should it be necessary to force the administration to allow this other legislation to be considered? Only because the administration is bitterly opposed to the legislation in question and wants to stave it off. The administration would not have the slightest trouble in getting its appropriation bills passed, truce or no truce, if it would only consent to subsequent consideration by Congress of measures like the export debenture, government operation of Muscle Shoals, the anti-injunction bill, Senator's Wagner's three bills to combat unemployment in the future. What the unsolicited offer of the seven Democratic leaders therefore amounts to, in the last analysis, is to coöperate with the administration in preventing Congress from passing progressive measures.

MAYBE it is a coincidence that just after the election, and just after congressional representatives of the agricultural movement had declared that the Federal Farm Board had failed, and just after the National Grange had decided to push the export debenture once more, the Board reversed its months' old decision and decided to buy a lot of additional wheat. Maybe this sudden activity of the Board was based, not on political considerations, but on newly acquired information which makes them think that the government can in the future sell at a profit wheat bought at present prices, and can start an upward price movement by large orders. But somehow all this is a little difficult to believe. The fact is that the Hoover brand of farm relief has dramatically failed to relieve. Whatever may be its merits as a long-time agricultural policy, it has offered no help to the farmers in their emergency. And the farmers are—or should be—all the more aggrieved because, in the course of getting this brand of relief, they were buncoed into giving a higher tariff to industrial products. If they now insist that the tariff be made effective on agricultural staples by the debenture, nobody can blame them. We wish only that they would take the other logical tack, which means, of course, insisting that industrial duties be reduced.

WHEN Thomas W. Lamont told the Academy of Political Science in New York that the Smoot-Hawley tariff was inopportune and has probably helped to prolong the depression, he said in a very mild form what most economists and bankers with any international vision believe to be self-evident. And when, a day or two later, Senator Smoot sprang to the defense of the bill which bears his name, his logic was a pathetic echo of the splendid assurance with which Republican spokesmen used to justify protection. It sounds well to say that the glorious prosperity of this glorious country depends upon high tariff rates, but not so well to say that without the tariff a severe depression would have been even worse than it was. This one-hundred-percent country is not going to be satisfied with a leadership whose best boast is that it rendered a terrible depression a little less bad than it might have been. Does anybody really think that employment in this country has, by and large, been stimulated by maintaining artificially high prices? Does not everyone know that shoes and textiles, like wheat and cotton, cannot derive the slightest benefit from protection when the demand is so much smaller even than the domestic supply?

NOW that Secretary of Labor Davis has been elected Senator from Pennsylvania, his successor in the Cabinet must soon be appointed. Those interested in efficient administration of this important office are, therefore, renewing their recommendation of Miss Grace Abbott, new Chief of the Children's Bureau. Miss Abbott, as was stated in these columns several months ago, has an unusual combination of qualifications. She is a member of the union of her trade, and is acceptable to the American Federation of Labor; she had a thorough preparation for her life work in college and university; her practical experience is varied and relevant. She has been secretary of the Massachusetts Immigration Commission, director of the Immigrants' Protective League, a resident of Hull House in Chicago; she was in charge of the enforcement of the first federal child-labor law, was connected with the Labor Policies Board during the War, and has been chief of the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor since 1921. She is admirably fitted, not to emulate her predecessor in making innumerable speeches embodying amiable platitudes, but to improve the research and administration of the department and to develop a few statesmanlike policies.

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THE "big-five" railroad Brotherhoods meeting to map out their action in behalf of shorter working hours have two objectives in mind. One is the long fight for a six-hour day—which is the railroad version of the five-day week, since in such a continuous industry a reduction in the number of working days is less practical than a reduction in the number of hours. The demand for the six-hour day will proceed through the regular mediation machinery set up under the law, and will require months to come to a head. If it has any relationship to unemployment, it will merely decrease the number of men whom the railroads will in the future be able to let go as a result of technical advances. The other objective is a temporary measure to relieve the large amount of unemployment which now exists, by sharing work with those who are out of jobs. This would mean a limitation on the number of hours any railroad man can now work. Such a limitation might be promptly agreed upon with managements, if no attempt were made to change the present rates of wages, and the men at work sacrificed their pay for the hours lopped off their schedules. Agreement on a program of this sort is difficult to reach and it remains to be seen whether the end can be achieved.

TWO months have passed since the 4,500 cotton-mill workers of Danville, Virginia, walked out on strike. Hardly anything has appeared in the papers about this strike for the reason that it has not been one of the news-making sort. There has been no violence, none of that hysteria which has characterized previous Southern labor controversies. The only incident that has even approached the spectacular was a small and mysterious explosion, near the house of an overseer, which injured no one and did no damage. On the whole the law and the strikers have got on well together. Picketers and deputy sheriffs spend hours every day pitching horseshoes with each other. But the outlook for the future is not so rosy. Winter hasn't come yet; food has been sufficient, if not plentiful; so far there have been no evictions from company houses. No one can tell what will happen when the true grimness of the situation dawns on the strikers.

AT ANY rate the issue is clearly drawn. The company which operates the Danville mills (and which is locally owned) was celebrated for its lavish paternalism. Its schools and Y. M. C. A. and girls' dormitory were show places. Its company union was considered a model. But the test of all this came last winter when employees were asked to take a 10-percent cut, and when the stretch-out system began to make itself felt. The employees suggested through their company union that the company drop all welfare schemes instead of instituting the cut. This the company refused to do, whereupon the company union fell to pieces, as such "democratic" machinery usually does when put to a real test. The employees appealed to the United Textile Workers and last February the job of organization began. By September, when the strike was called, organization had been completed. The strike was called to settle one issue: will the company accept the union, or will it not? Strikers have repeatedly said that they will go back to work, wage cut and all, if their union is recognized. But when Governor Pollard offered his services as mediator shortly after the strike began, the president of the mills replied that "there is nothing to arbitrate"—the union being, in his mind, simply non-existent. Of course, under these circumstances there is "nothing to arbitrate." It is a question of endurance, and it is going to be a hard winter in Danville.

THE Women's City Club of New York comes forward, after a study of the subject, with some suggestions for the New York Coördinating Committee on Unemployment and for the Mayor, which ought to be of interest everywhere. It wants emergency employment to be at standard rates of pay, not at sweating rates. As many persons can be relieved by part-time jobs at the higher rates as by full-time jobs at the lower rates. And work for factories in tenement houses should not be encouraged; rather, work should be given in relief shops at standard rates and conditions. The importance of these policies will at once be realized by those who remember the demoralization of labor standards which has occurred in other depressions. Two other practical suggestions are that scholarships should be arranged for vocational training of unemployed young men and women, as was done under Mayor Mitchel in 1915, and that through the school lunch department free meals should be given to children whose parents are out of work. It is plain that those who framed the resolution are concerned with the future fully as much as with emergency relief in the present. And the final recommendations emphasize this fact. The women want changes in the city's laws so that continuing machinery may be set up to deal adequately with the social problems of the community; they want long-view planning, extension of public employment exchanges, a continuing study of industrial stabilization, a feasible plan of unemployment compensation, good statistics and training for new jobs of those thrown out of work by technological changes.

THE NEW REPUBLIC published last week a letter from Mr. Ray H. Everett describing a campaign now in progress in New York City against syphilis and gonorrhea. The Bellevue-Yorkville Health Demonstration has selected one section of the city for an intensive campaign of education, seeking to impress upon all its residents the seriousness of these diseases, the fact that they are amenable to treatment, and the great importance of early and continued medical care. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of these "social dis-

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eases." A recent survey in New York indicated that on one day there were no fewer than 53,000 cases under treatment or observation by physicians. How many others there were which were foolishly being subjected to self-medication, or to no treatment at all, it is of course impossible to say. Competent authorities estimate that there are ten million persons in America who are now suffering either from active syphilis, from hereditary forms, or from its long continued after effects, which may simulate any one of a dozen diseases. We are glad to note that the Bellevue-Yorkville Health Demonstration has succeeded, at least in New York, in breaking through the newspaper censorship which by immemorial custom has made the press refuse either to call these diseases by their names or to give them the discussion which their importance deserves. America as a whole has a shockingly bad record in this field. There are several European countries where doctors are required by law to report all cases of both syphilis and gonorrhea, and where a patient is under legal compulsion to continue treatment until cured. As a result, in these countries both diseases are in a fair way to being entirely stamped out.

THE news that the Carnegie Foundation is about to make another investigation of college athletics, awakens the suspicion that perhaps the worthies on its board realize that the investigation they made of football last year was altogether too casual and perfunctory to produce much real reform in a sport which is rapidly developing into one of our major American rackets. In fact, it is the opinion of many sports writers, and particularly of Mr. Glenn S. Warner of the All-American Board of Football, that the Foundation's report was so inconclusive that certain college athletic authorities, whose guilty consciences had led them to fear a real exposé of their unsportsmanlike tactics, considered it tantamount to a complete whitewash and, as Mr. Warner points out, went forward with their programs on an even broader and grander scale. Thus the head of one prominent university, in commenting upon the report, remarked that what his university needed was less purity and more good half backs. Perhaps this is true enough, for it would seem at present that no college or university can gain the financial and moral support of its alumni if it cannot boast of a crack football team. However, if the Carnegie Foundation investigators display a little more courage and intelligence in their investigation this year, and will not only disclose the shady methods practically every college in the country employs to build up a team, but will make some suggestion how purity and good half backs can coalesce, they will be going far toward saving football from the slough of professionalism in which this sport seems to be floundering.

THE charge has often been made by Haitians that the representatives of the American press associations at Port-au-Prince were prejudiced against them and in favor of the Marine occupation. We do not know whether these charges are at present justified; but they offer an interesting background for the Associated Press dispatch announcing the result of the recent Haitian election. This dispatch stated that "a national legislature apparently decidedly radical and anti-American seems assured. . . . Semour S. Pradel, Sténio Vincent, Léon Nau and the radical Sannon seem certain of seats in the Senate. . . ." The "radicalism and anti-Americanism" of these four men consist in wanting their country to be free from an alien military occupation. They have no quarrel with the United States except in so far as the United States is interfering with their native land. If such views seem "anti-American" now to the Associated Press correspondent in Haiti, there was a time in our history when they seemed quite proper and even admirable.

The Economic Interpretation of Wilder

PERHAPS no other literary article published in The New Republic has ever aroused so much controversy as Michael Gold's on Thornton Wilder in the issue of October 22. We have received, and are still receiving, dozens of letters about it and most of these letters are earnest protests.

Now The New Republic has no prejudice against Thornton Wilder—his books have already been praised in its pages often enough to invalidate this charge. But on the other hand, it considers Michael Gold an important writer whose critical opinions have a special interest, since he is one of the only American critics of any literary ability who writes about books from the Marxist point of view. Most of our critics, like most other people in America, have no central point of view at all—they are in the habit of merely sampling different kinds of books and writing down the different kinds of things that come into their heads. Does not the outcry which Mr. Gold has provoked prove the insipidity and pointlessness of most of our criticism?

For the harsh and scurrilous things that Mr. Gold says about Mr. Wilder can hardly account in themselves for the disturbance which his review has created. Criticisms equally scurrilous and harsh are often printed by writers about other writers: witness Ernest Hemingway's satire on Sherwood Anderson in his burlesque novel "The Torrents of Spring" and witness the amenities of the Humanist controversy. Yet, so far as we know, no article, review or editorial on a literary subject has ever recently aroused such an uproar as Gold's economic analysis of Wilder. It seems to us, in spite of the possible objections which might be made to the manner of Mr. Gold's essay, that he has raised a

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fundamental issue and that there is a good deal to be said on his side.

First, however, for what is to be said against it. The Marxist critic of the type of Mr. Gold assumes that the character of the literature of any period is entirely determined by the economic position of the class for whom it is written. That social and economic conditions do play a much larger part in molding people's ideals, and consequently in coloring their literature, than most people are willing to admit, we are perfectly ready to agree. Yet there are classes which cut through the social classes and these tend to have an independent existence. The writers make a class of their own: the painters make a class; the scientists make a class. And each of these classes has its own tradition, its own craft and body of doctrine which has been brought down by practitioners belonging to a variety of different social classes through a variety of different kinds of society. So that when we consider a work of literature, we must consider it not only from the point of view of its social significance, but also from the point of view of its craft. A Communist critic who, in reviewing a book, ignores the author's status as a craftsman is really denying the dignity of human work for purposes of political propaganda.

A typical example of this is to be found in Upton Sinclair's book called "Mammonart": here he appraises the literature of the world with the social-economic touchstone, but then goes on to glorify without reserve the physicists in the California laboratories. Yet if the explorers of the atom are to be regarded as disinterested intellectuals, why may not the poets be? And if the works of the poets are influenced by feudal patrons and bourgeois audiences, why may the discoveries of the physicists not be limited—as they probably are—by the outlook of the capitalistic society which has endowed the laboratories? Has not art at least as good a chance of being disinterested as science? Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Gold ought to think about this a little more. The author of "Jews without Money" especially ought to recognize and confess how much he has in common with the author of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"—sensitiveness to human contacts, a love of picturesque detail, a gift for molding prose into short, firm, comprehensive units and even a touch of sentimentality.

Not, however, that the author or scientist—except, rarely, at some extreme limit—can ever be completely disinterested, can ever detach his mind completely from the social organism to which his body belongs and function as if in a vacuum. The various guilds of the arts and sciences *tend* to become independent bodies, but they can never quite succeed in doing so; and we must remember that there is a particular social situation implied in every product of human thought, no matter how general are the contributions with which it seems to deal. Now the furious protest raised by Gold's attack on Wilder suggests that there is more point to the Marxist objection to that author than one had previously suspected. It has already been pointed out in these pages that Wilder owes a good deal to Proust—in fact, without willing or being aware of it and though he is a writer of real originality, he has in a sense popularized Proust for an American audience, and his success is partly a cashing-in on this. He has tapped the main of Proust's rich, luxurious, intoxicating sentimentality and brought a pipe-line to every American home. Proust is the writer who more than any of the Romantics has made heartbreak a pleasure: the Romantics' hearts broke in lonely landscapes, but Proust's heart breaks at the Ritz. Now Wilder in "The Cabala" is also at the Ritz, and in his subsequent books he is in a decorative Parisian antiquity which amounts to the same thing. The malaise, the dissatisfaction, the misery, with which he and Proust both deal is the illness of the cultivated people in a capitalistic society which neither the twentieth-century luxuries of the Ritz nor the bizarre entrancing fragments of the past found in the galleries, antique shops and libraries—which Anatole France was always collecting—can ever do more than deaden a little. The pathos in Proust, after all, is merely the other side of the corruption, the impotence, the lack of the will to live. And so in Wilder the pathos and the beauty derived from exotic lands of the imagination are, as Michael Gold suggests, a sedative for sick Americans. The sedative and the demand for it are both the results of the same situation: a race of people disposed to idealism, but deprived of their original ideals and now making themselves neurotic in the attempt to introduce idealism into the activities—advertising, salesmanship, manufacturing—of a precarious economic system the condition for whose success is that they must swindle their neighbors and each other.

The Buyers' Baedeker

THERE lies on an editorial desk in the office of The New Republic a recently published volume. It is not intended for review; indeed, the publisher would take strong exception to any review which quoted much of the book's contents. Though its circulation will be more than twice as large as that of the average book, it is not for sale in any bookstore, or, for that matter, through the newer outlets, the drug store, the cigar store, the five-and-ten or the penny-in-the-slot machine. The copy before us was not submitted "for the favor of a review." The editor by whom it was received obtained it by purchasing a subscription to the organization by which it is published. With no desire to be unreasonably mysterious, let us say forthwith that the book in question is the "Handbook of Buying" printed annually by Consumers' Research, Inc., and distributed without further charge to every person on the large and

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rapidly growing list of those who have paid $2 for a year's subscription to this unique experiment.

Consumers' Research, as many of our readers no doubt already know, is an attempt to furnish reliable information to American households in regard to all sorts of purchases of goods or services —food, clothing, household appliances, automobiles, farm supplies and building materials. There is only one other source of information for most people: the claims of manufacturers and salesmen, in printed form as advertising, or delivered orally in the course of sales efforts. This other source is, unfortunately, wholly unreliable. Even when the manufacturer tells the truth about his own product—and often he does not—one can never be sure that he is telling the whole truth, or even that he knows enough to do so. And if by a miracle he does so regarding his own product, he leaves you in ignorance about those of his competitors, which may give better value for the same money, or the same value at a lower price.

The madhouse of merchandizing was well described by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schling in "Your Money's Worth," a large part of which appeared serially in the pages of The New Republic. Over and over again it has been found to be true that the claims made in advertising are meaningless, though to the uninitiated they may sound impressive; or that the assertions are without foundation in fact; or that there is no relation between the price of advertised goods and their merits. Of half a dozen similar items from different manufacturers, or even from one firm, selling at various prices, the most expensive may prove to be the best, or the worst, or halfway down the scale. The relation between price and quality is often as meaningless as though it were the result of a blind lottery.

The consumer who wants to make his money go as far as possible is helpless, confronted by this stone wall of falsehood, silence and ignorance. So imbued are many Americans with the vicious psychology which advertising has created—or perhaps, so dismayed by the difficulties—that they do not even make the attempt to find out whether they are spending their money recklessly. They buy what the advertising man or the grocer's clerk tell them to; if at the end of the week or month their income equals their outlay, or exceeds it by a few dollars, they are satisfied.

With this situation Consumers' Research is trying to cope, at least for a limited number of people, and on a small scale. It is a non-profit corporation, and it undertakes to tell its subscribers the truth about all sorts of products. Some of these it tests itself; on some it has reports from impartial technical sources, including governmental agencies, the American Medical Association, the American Dental Association, etc. Interested subscribers make tests in their own homes, or report their experiences with certain advertised commodities, and their findings, with proper precautions for reliability, are passed on to their fellow members. Periodical news bulletins are issued, and once a year there appears the "Handbook of Buying" mentioned above.

It is not without significance, we think, that in this period of general depression, when advertising itself has declined as a whole about 20 percent, Consumers' Research is growing with amazing rapidity, having almost trebled its membership in the past ten months. We do not assume that it is being supported on idealistic grounds; enlightened selfishness would suggest to any family that the cost of a subscription is likely to be earned many times over in the course of a year. The current edition of the "Handbook of Buying" tells, for example, of a gasoline which contains an acid capable of bringing ruinous corrosion into the finely finished parts of an automobile engine. It describes "inexpensive" electric lamps which use so much current that, as the report says, they would be too dear if they were given away free and a $2 bill thrown in. Under such circumstances, the question for those who must count their pennies closely is not, Can we afford a subscription? It is, Can we afford not to have one?

But there is a deeper significance to Consumers' Research. Every economist knows that one of the important weaknesses in our industrial system, now creaking along so dismally, is the wretched disorganization of distribution. Whatever makes for more intelligent buying by the ultimate consumer makes also for more orderly and systematic marketing. If the idea ever begins to spread that the purchaser is entitled to good value for his money, some of the present wastes which are artificially maintained by the force of high-pressure salesmanship will be diminished. Such organizations as the consumers' coöperatives which play such a large part in orderly distribution in European countries, and Consumers' Research in this country, are moving in the direction of a planned economy; and in that direction lies the hope of a higher standard of living, increased leisure and a better life for the average man.

Unrest in Panama

CREEPING northward, the virus of Latin-American unrest now seems to have entered the Republic of Panama. Within the last few weeks discontent with the virtual dictatorship has been gaining impetus and power. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if this discontent will flare up into open rebellion. For though the United States exercises surprisingly little control over the internal affairs of the Republic, it has long been the policy of this country to suppress any revolutionary tendency which might threaten the Canal and thus jeopardize the vital interests of the outside world. To protect the Canal, the United States maintains an army of 12,000 American soldiers within the Canal Zone

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and it is the presence of these troops which will, perhaps, prevent the present government of Panama from going the way of Siles, of Leguia, of Irigoyen and of Washington Luiz.

Discontent assumed serious proportions when, on September 11, about 8,000 persons demonstrated against the virtual dismissal of J. B. Duncan from the Panama Cabinet. Though Duncan is a relative of President Arosemena, he is an opponent of Arosemena's political master, Dr. Rudolfo Chiari. In his newspaper, El Tiempo, Duncan has been publishing a series of courageous articles attacking the present unfair electoral machinery and demanding that it be overhauled. These articles, coming as they do from a member of the Cabinet, confirm the criticisms of the opposition and help to crystallize the feeling against the Chiarist clique.

Like ex-President Leguia in Peru and the earlier dictatorship of Cabrera in Guatemala, the Chiarist group in Panama has shamelessly mismanaged the finances of the country. Within the last ten years the government has contracted an excessive debt. Though much of this borrowed money was used for the construction of roads, it is extremely doubtful if these roads are sound investments in a country which has little export agriculture. But the mistakes of the Chiarist group have not merely been mistakes of miscalculation. They have been mistakes of intent. Graft and corruption are rampant and there has been no parliamentary control over finance. For example, during the last ten or twelve years the budget has not been approved by the National Assembly, but merely by presidential decree. About a year ago a committee of experts, connected with the National City Bank, made a thorough investigation of Panamanian finances. It is understood that the investigation was a veritable indictment of the administration of Dr. Chiari. It may have been for this reason that the government for a year declined to make the report public.

Thus, Panama today seems to be in the hands of a clique: a clique that has mismanaged the country's finances and retains its power by stuffing the ballot box. In a fair election the opposition, which includes the most popular figure in the country, Dr. Belisario Porras, and such an outstanding lawyer as Harmodio Arias, would probably sweep the country. But the fundamental difficulty is that the Chiarist group will not hold a fair election. In other countries the cure for this situation is revolt. But hitherto the United States has not permitted the people of Panama to exercise this right. In 1928 Secretary Kellogg formally warned the opposition that if it attempted a revolution after the general election, the United States would intervene. At the same time he declined to supervise this election. Convinced that it would be unfair, the followers of Porras abstained from voting and Arosemena won by default.

A number of opponents of the present government now demand the supervision of elections. But others, and perhaps the majority, are opposed to this course. They assert that foreign supervision does not teach the people anything and that as soon as supervision is withdrawn the old conditions reappear. They believe that the only real cure is one wrought by the people themselves. The week before the Panama Assembly opened, a group of prominent men petitioned President Arosemena to employ a foreign expert to assist in the drafting of a new electoral law. It is unlikely that the Chiarist group, while making broad promises about electoral guarantees, will pay any heed to this request, simply because they know the United States will not tolerate any revolution against the government in power. Thus, the State Department is playing its old game of underwriting abuse, and the honest citizens of Panama are simply knocking their heads against a stone wall.

To this situation the supervision of elections may be regarded by some as a welcome alternative. But foreign supervision does not produce any fundamental reforms in the political life of the country to which it is applied. It is a policy which makes the gestures of democracy, as conceived by foreign experts, while at the same time undermining the principles of democracy itself. Instead of training a people in responsibility, foreign supervision simply increases their irresponsibility. Sooner or later the loser in the contest will blame the United States for his defeat. Supervision is, therefore, a policy which will simply increase American unpopularity.

While it may at first glance seem a shocking suggestion that the United States should deliberately keep its hands off and permit a revolution if the Panamanians want one, that is in the long run the only possible alternative. That such a revolution would endanger the Canal is extremely unlikely. The revolutionary leaders, above everything else, would avoid bringing the United States in against them. It is likely, however, that the mere threat of revolution would cause the existing regime to mend its ways. At present, it counts upon our influence to protect it no mattter how it behaves; from every point of view it would be a wholesome thing if that protection were withdrawn.

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How Fares Ireland?

NOBODY has described as vividly as Kevin O'Higgins the situation that confronted the Sinn Fein leaders who accepted the Anglo-Irish settlement:

> In Ireland in 1922 there was no State and no organized forces. The provisional government was simply eight young men in the city hall, standing amidst the ruins of one administration, with the foundations of another not yet laid, and with wild men screaming through the keyholes. No police force was functioning through the country, no system of justice was operating. The wheels of administration hung idle, battered out of recognition by a clash of rival jurisdictions. A people emerging from a period of revaluation was thrown upon its own resources, unaided by any fabric of administration, for the maintenance of order and the decencies of life.

When O'Higgins delivered the address from which this extract is taken, before the Irish Society of Oxford University toward the end of 1924, he was able to claim, not only that the administrative machine was working smoothly and efficiently, but that a good beginning had been made toward evolving constructive solutions of many obstinate problems. His foes no less than his friends admitted that O'Higgins had done more than any of his colleagues to bring about this result, and, strangely enough, his death crowned his work. It was the situation created by his murder that forced Mr. De Valera and his followers to take their places in the Dail.

This, and the sullen dumping of arms that followed the military collapse of the republic, was the real turning point in Free State history. So long as the second largest political party refused to participate in any activity of the State, and openly advocated reliance on extra-legal methods, it was impossible to establish democratic institutions upon a secure basis. As a matter of fact, it is not easy to measure the damage that has been done by stereotyping politics on the lines of the treaty faction fight at a time when the first need of the nation was to master the possibilities of new instruments of government.

Mr. De Valera insists that in entering the Dail he and his party have not changed their views as to the necessity of renouncing the arrangement with Great Britain in favor of a republican form of government. But there is a difference in that they are now pledging themselves to pursue their policy by strictly constitutional methods. They have learned, as with better judgment they might have done eight years ago, that if there is little popular enthusiasm for dominion status, there is infinitely less for the "crack of the rifle" as a means of establishing a republic. The Irish people are entirely at one with the Labor member who recently told Fianna Fail in the Dail: "We cannot afford another revolution in this country, we cannot afford even to talk about it."

Another factor in modifying republican hostility has been the discovery that the phrases and catchwords of 1922 bear no relation to the state of affairs existing in 1930. Arthur Griffith was a true prophet when he told his countrymen, "This is no more the final settlement than this is the final generation." But even he did not foresee that within four years the Balfour declaration of the coequality of members of the British Commonwealth of Nations would realize so completely the principle of external association which Mr. De Valera put forward as an alternative to the treaty. A more supple politician than Mr. De Valera would have seized the occasion to close the breech by claiming that the new alignment justified his stand. This, however, is not Mr. De Valera's way. He still protests that things remain as they were, or are even a shade worse; but while this may be the official view of Fianna Fail, its members, with the exception of a handful of irreconcilables, recognize in practice that an entirely new situation has arisen.

Play indeed is made with the argument that acceptance of the treaty implies acquiescence in a divided Ireland. But repudiation of the treaty, whatever other results it might have, would do nothing to get rid of partition. An electoral victory might enable Fianna Fail to set up a republic in the twenty-six counties without firing a shot, but an All-Ireland republic which, in Mr. De Valera's view, is alone worth having, could not be established save at the cost of "immediate and terrible war," and he knows as well as anyone else that this is a price the nation is not prepared to pay.

While patriotic speeches still bristle with demands for Irish unity, nobody, not even the orators, takes these seriously, for the simple reason that politicians on all sides refuse to face the fact that unity cannot be attained without sacrifices all around. Most people who have not an axe to grind hold the opinion of the Free State Minister for Finance, that the best thing the South can do in the circumstances is to bend its energies on cultivating its garden to a pitch of perfection that will some day tempt its northern neighbors "to look enviously over the hedge."

Unfortunately, we are discovering that cultivating the garden is by no means as simple as it seemed in the days when nationalist leaders could lay all the responsibility on Dublin Castle for muddling the job. It was deplorably bad luck for the Free State that it should have come into existence

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when agriculture, which had ridden on the crest of the wave during the War years, was sinking into the deepest trough of depression Irish farming has known for half a century. By way of compensation, the government had the good fortune to find in a young lawyer, Mr. P. J. Hogan, a Minister for Agriculture who had not only mastered the problem in all its details, but possessed the rarer gift of inspiring confidence in the Irish farmer, whose training and traditions do not incline him to coöperate harmoniously with government departments. Unlike most reformers, official and unofficial, Mr. Hogan makes no demand for a revolutionary change in methods. The farmers, he maintains, are doing the right thing, though not perhaps in the best way, and the main aim of his policy is to ensure increased output by the reduction of working costs, the elimination of waste, and by more effective standardization, in order that Irish products may be "consistently good and not occasionally excellent."

In the latest report on agricultural conditions it was shown that the annual output per worker in the Free State is only $480, as compared with $920 in Scotland and $980 in Denmark. If this leeway is made good, or sensibly reduced, the problem solves itself; and Mr. Hogan holds that, provided Ireland concentrates upon quality, her proximity to the British market enables her to offset the advantages of competitors who rely upon mass production. Fianna Fail, on the other hand, urges the development of the home market and favors in particular a scheme for increasing tillage by subsidies for wheat growing. This would amount to a complete change in economy, and though farmers are eager enough to obtain subsidies, they have a suspicion that in the Free State the result in the long run would be that they would pay money out of one pocket for the satisfaction of putting it into the other. At the same time it is useless to blink at the fact that the Fianna Fail program makes a strong appeal in certain areas, and the next electoral battle is almost certain to rage around it.

No such sharp cleavage divides parties on industrial questions. There is general agreement that a better balance is required between town and country in order to provide an alternative to the system under which the best of the new generation emigrates to England or the United States. It is also common ground between groups in the Dail that tariffs must play a part in fostering industrial development, and controversy turns upon the limits within which protection is effective.

Fianna Fail vigorously challenges the government's plan of selective tariffs on the ground that the range of articles covered is altogether too narrow and the duties imposed wholly inadequate. If Mr. De Valera does not desire, in Bishop Berkeley's phrase, to surround Ireland with a wall of brass, he insists that the home market should be preserved for the home manufacturer. The argument that so far attempts to exclude imports have been followed by the importer buying out Irish mills and factories is met by a demand for the prohibition of foreign capital as well as foreign goods.

This scheme, pushed to its logical conclusion, would have deprived the Free State of Ford's tractor factory, which inside a few years has revolutionized conditions in Cork. Ireland at the present time has not the resources—nor have its capitalists the courage or the technical ability—to organize industry on this scale. If the high hopes built on the Shannon hydro-electric scheme are not to vanish into thin air, the aid of foreign industrialists must be enlisted in developing its potentialities, just as foreign engineers were given the task of harnessing the river. The government undertook the enterprise as an act of faith in the future of the Free State, and so far the results have justified them. Not only have the great works been constructed without a hitch, but the demand for electricity is sufficiently large to ensure that almost from the first the scheme will pay its own way.

While this is thoroughly satisfactory, it must be admitted that the full possibilities of the Shannon will not be realized until a complete revolution has been effected in the technical training of both employers and employed. As things are, there are not enough skilled electricians in the country to do even the elementary work of wiring houses, much less to staff new factories attracted by the prospect of cheap power from the Shannon. And if the workers were available, it is certain that their services would not be used to the best advantage by Irish industrialists. In the next session the Dail is to address itself at last to the long delayed problem of technical education. If only the government could include in the bill provisions for instructing capital as well as labor, the outlook would be much brighter.

Education discussion in the Free State has turned, up to the present, almost entirely upon the question of Gaelic. This is a matter upon which it is not easy for Irishmen to take a detached view, and it is still more difficult to present the problem so that outsiders may form a judgment on the merits. In the early days of the controversy, Mr. De Valera declared, "I would prefer the language without freedom to freedom without the language," and this is also the official view of the opponents of the government party. As they see it, the final justification of the treaty settlement will be the development of a new culture deriving entirely from the Gaelic tradition. As against the small minority which is frankly hostile to compulsory Irish, or the larger section which is doubtful whether the Gaelic element should alone be considered in building up a new Ireland, the language enthusiasts can claim that their policy has popular support solidly behind it because none of their critics has come into the open against them in any appeal to the electorate.

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This is not, of course, conclusive proof, more especially in Ireland, but it does show that there is no strong feeling against the experiment. One of the first acts of the government was to make Gaelic teaching compulsory in primary schools; in recent years secondary schools have been compelled to come into line under pain of forfeiting government grants, and few positions under the State are now available for candidates who lack a working knowledge of the language.

Even those who like it least do not deny that the Gaelic movement has behind it the driving force of a passionate conviction. Its advocates are positive that if they are given a free hand they can renew the glories of the golden age. This is an attitude that impresses in a country where the majority desire above all things a strong lead, and are apt to assume that the extremists, however little they may appeal on the merits, will score in the long run over the moderates. The best of the language crusaders, it is true, do not underestimate the magnitude of the enterprise upon which they have embarked. They are succeeding in their plan to make Irish the medium through which instruction is given in the schools, but as yet there are few signs that it is becoming the language of the home. In a debate on the subject in the Dail during the last session, native speakers declared, and the statement was not contradicted, that children left the language behind them at the school door. The elementary teachers, on whom the heaviest burden falls, are protesting against the attempt to force the teaching of school subjects through the medium of Irish in districts where the pupils have no vernacular knowledge of the language and never hear it spoken outside of the classroom.

To complicate the problem, the ranks of native speakers are being rapidly depleted, and such ameliorative measures as the government has undertaken have done little as yet to slow down emigration from the Gaelthacht. The well founded fear that if Irish dies in areas where it is the ordinary means of communication, the attempt to foster it elsewhere is doomed to failure, goes far to explain the relentless energy with which the enthusiasts are pressing on their campaign. They may be right in their view that the end will justify the means, but many people who are willing to work for a Gaelic-speaking Ireland are beginning to fear that the speeding-up policy which holds the field may result in condemning no small proportion of the generation to the semi-illiteracy that was the fate of Irish-speaking children who in other days were instructed in school in a language they did not speak at home.

In the long run the clash of two cultures may prove fruitful, but for the present it means a dissipation of energy in controversies that lead nowhere. The older school of Anglo-Irish writers like W. B. Yeats and George Russell sit for the most part above the battle; newer recruits like Austin Clarke, Francis Higgins and Liam O'Flaherty, though they draw inspiration from Gaelic sources which their elders knew only at second hand, continue to write in English and sell their books outside their own country. They are in sympathy with the demand for the evolution of a Gaelic culture, but with very few exceptions they oppose the view, now in favor, that prohibitions and censorships will help to this end.

Its unsparing onslaught on the Censorship Act contributed as much as anything else to close down Æ's paper, The Irish Statesman, by depriving it of advertising revenue. Popular opinion in the mass undoubtedly approves drastic regulations and restrictions on writers, dramatists and artists, and this is a factor which the small band of Irish intellectuals too often ignore; thus is conveyed to the outside world an entirely false picture of Irish life and conditions. Æ put the truth in a sentence when, in his valedictory in The Irish Statesman, he says that the country has been living intellectually beyond its means.

If, as there is reason to think, literature and art will not bulk largely in the life of the new generation, this does not mean that the alternative is mental stagnation. Scores of young men who in the old days might have produced as their life's work a book of indifferent verses or a third-rate Abbey play are now trying their teeth on big problems as ministers of state or public servants. The average age of Mr. Cosgrave's Cabinet must be well below forty, and this also holds good of the men who count in the Civil Service. There is a new recognition on all sides that the handling of practical problems demands the best energies of the nation. In any event, there would have been a reaction after the romantic exaltation of the Sinn Fein era, but it is much to be thankful for that this reaction, unfavorable as it is likely to be to the arts, is taking the form, not of a barren negation, but of a new ideal of patriotism based on service instead of on a blood sacrifice.

JAMES WINDER GOOD.

To a Swallow

Relish honey. If you please
Regale yourself on Attic bees.
But spare, O airy chatterer,
Spare the chattering grasshopper!

Winging, spare his gilded wings,
Chatterer, his chatterings.
Summer's child, do not molest
Him the summer's humblest guest.

Snatch not for your hungry young
One who like yourself has sung.
For it is neither just nor fit
That poets should each other eat.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP.

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"Sold" on Foreign Bonds

II. *What Kind of Spending Do Our Loans Finance?*

In his first article, published last week, Mr. Dennis discussed the tremendous losses American investors in foreign bonds could have avoided had they been fully informed of the financial condition of the countries to whom the loans were made.—THE EDITORS.

OUR FOREIGN loans, the market decline of which was pointed out in the preceding article, involve two fundamental processes: a foreign government or city spending more than its revenues, and an American banker selling bonds. The first of these processes is the subject of this article, and the second will be discussed in a succeeding article.

All State borrowing has this characteristic: it permits during a given period an outgo larger than the income from revenues. An excess of expenditures over revenues is a deficit. The purpose of public borrowing is always to balance income with outgo. The incurring of a deficit may be considered justifiable or unjustifiable, according to the facts of the cause and the point of view from which it is judged.

Public loans, to be understood, must be related with the whole movement of fiscal administration, not with any one item of expenditure. The State may be thought of as operating with a big sack of money or credits, which are so many units of purchasing power. Into this sack flow receipts from all sources: taxation, sale and operation of public properties and borrowing in its manifold forms, including the issue of paper money. From this sack are withdrawn the means of paying all public expenditures and debts, from the policeman's weekly salary to contractors' bills for battleships or mammoth public works.

The public treasurer holds the sack and is something of a magician in its management. If he is short of cash in the sack, like the good magician that he is, he merely reaches down into the sack and pulls out his I. O. U.'s, sometimes called bonds, treasury bills, paper money, "continentals," assignats, greenbacks, etc. Some of these magic ways require special legislative authorization and others do not. National debts of the world rose from about forty billion dollars in 1913 to two hundred and ten billions by the end of the War.

The sound way of using credit, or of borrowing, is to sell for cash to voluntary purchasers long-term bonds or short-term notes, put the cash received into the sack and then pay out only cash instead of promissory notes. In order thus to borrow soundly, two conditions are necessary. First, the State must find people willing to buy with cash its bonds or notes. Secondly, these voluntary buyers must be able to pay for their purchases with money they have saved and not with money they have in turn borrowed from a bank on the bonds they are buying.

The continued solvency of the borrower requires that, after receiving the loan, the borrower spend less than revenues by the amount of interest and principal to be repaid. Debts must be paid in full or canceled without being paid in full. Debt cancellation is effected in one of three ways: inflation, mutual agreement or repudiation.

METHODS OF CANCELING DEBTS

The first, inflation of the currency, which makes an obligation for a hundred cents received from the lender ultimately worth to the lender only twenty cents in present purchasing power, was the method by which France wiped out some 80 percent of its public debt. Claims on this account are still being pressed by British purchasers of French bonds, with the aid of the British government. These claims have so far been turned down by the French government. Germany thus canceled her public debt, not 80 percent like France, but over 90 percent. Almost all of the participants in the War, except the United States and Great Britain, have in the same way canceled their debts in whole or in part without payment. Yet, it is customary for bond salesmen to talk about the splendid debt records of these governments, which are said to have discharged faithfully all their financial obligations in recent years.

Mutual agreement between the debtor government and its bondholders, following a long period of default which makes the bondholders delighted to take almost anything they can get, has been a very common method of canceling public debt. For their assent to the cancellation, the bondholders, or creditors, usually receive a consideration, consisting of some cash or property and a lot of new promises. These considerations are worth some small fraction of the debt canceled. To cite all the examples would be to write the greater part of the history of international financing, especially that of Latin America, the Balkans, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Persia, China, etc.

In this way Peru's debt of $145,000,000 was canceled in 1890 for a mere trifle. Similarly the Honduras debt of over $130,000,000 was canceled in 1927 in consideration of thirty yearly payments having a capitalized value of $2,225,000. Consid-

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ering the graft with which these Honduras loans, like some of our recent loans which I could name, were tainted, this settlement was reasonably fair. A British parliamentary committee, investigating the Honduras loans back in 1875, denounced the frauds involved and the responsible European bankers, who were, as usual, highly reputable firms. The committee declared that the British government could never properly exert pressure for a full satisfaction of the nominal claims.

The latest debt cancellation by mutual agreement is that of this summer. It canceled some $346,000,000 on the Mexican debt in default since before the War. The charming feature of this method of cancellation is that it purges the debt record and leaves bankers and bondholders happy. Thus, the cycle of borrowing, default and cancellation is indefinitely continued.

In this connection the following United Press dispatch of as recent date as October 23 is interesting:

> United Press. Lima, October 23. In Peru the Merchants' Association passed a resolution requesting government to consider means of soliciting a five-year moratorium of payment of interest on foreign debts. The resolution contended that the present burden on taxpayers and business made the moratorium necessary and recommended lower tariffs, modification of the stamp taxes and establishment of a central office, such as the Reserve Bank, for buying and selling foreign drafts for the Finance Ministry.

Repudiation has been fairly rare and bond salesmen make a great deal of this fact. As nations can so easily cancel their debts by currency inflation or mutual agreement, with good feeling all around, it is not strange that Soviet Russia and certain of our own American states are the only governments which have repudiated bonds.

The "Purpose" of a Loan

Calling the purpose of a loan a given expenditure instead of a deficit has its reasons. When a nation is at war and the government feels obliged to raise by loans a part of its required funds, bonds will most appeal to home patriots and foreign sympathizers if called national-defense or liberty bonds. In the piping times of peace, the loan is called a productive loan for public works, irrigation, currency stabilization or what not, regardless of the fact that over half of the total public expenditures may be on war preparations.

If a nation is spending fifty millions a year on new armaments and twenty-five millions on new public works, and wishes to increase the military expenditures to seventy-five millions without raising taxes, nothing is simpler than to borrow twenty-five millions for public works, thereby releasing twenty-five millions for military uses. To cite examples would be to itemize any number of our recent foreign-government loans, notably those to governments with huge military budgets, such as France, Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Poland, Greece, Chile, Bolivia and Peru.

Wartime expenditures, even on the civil establishment, are often not covered entirely by taxation, as in the case of France during the late War. Yet wars could be financed entirely by taxation. The real costs of every war are borne during the war by the people of that day. Nothing can be consumed not already in existence. War loans do not make future generations furnish goods, services or money for war uses. War loans make future generations of taxpayers repay bondholders for what they furnished during the war. The State could take by taxation from the bondholders, and other capitalists who will not buy bonds, all the money it might need, without binding future generations to repayment.

The logic, or rather illogic, of most public borrowing is disingenuously exposed in Governor Roosevelt's address recommending for New York state a bond issue for a "purpose" every decent citizen must approve:

> If we do not issue bonds, there will be no escape from a new tax or an addition to an old tax. Personally I am just as much opposed to raising current taxes as are most of my hearers. . . . On the other hand, a bond issue will, I think, make the imposition of new taxes next year unnecessary.

Every year new loans are contracted for good "purposes," under the illusion that borrowing is a way of spending more without paying higher taxes. The fallacy of this great illusion consists in ignoring the fact that debts have to be repaid, and with interest. The state borrows several millions of new money every year, repays about the same amount, and pays in addition an enormous deadweight charge of interest on the outstanding bonds.

Where the money is all borrowed within the country this practice may work smoothly for a time, provided that the amounts borrowed and repaid tend to be about the same, i. e., that there is no increase in debt, and secondly, that buyers are found for all the new bonds. Recent foreign loans conform to neither condition.

It is apparent why the Special Joint Committee on Taxation and Retrenchment of the New York State Legislature has repeatedly recommended a pay-as-you-go policy for recurring public expenditures, whatever may be their character. Our national government, like that of Great Britain, has always followed this sound policy.

Two Causes of National Deficits

We have seen that deficits furnish the true explanation of State borrowing. Now deficits may be caused by two kinds of circumstances: The first is an excess of true operating expenditures over revenues. The second is the construction or purchase by the State of profit-yielding properties which

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cannot be paid for out of revenues. All deficits produce debts, but where the deficit is offset by an asset productive of debt charges, the debt has not the same meaning for the taxpayer. The debt will be paid, interest and principal, as due, by the property and not by the taxpayer. This difference is crucial.

Properties the services of which can be sold for their full cost, plus a profit, may properly be called capital, or reproductive, investments. The State can, of course, forego the profit, but, to be sound capital investments, the properties must at least pay for themselves. Certain state-owned utilities and railways are examples of this sort of property.

Non-Profit-Yielding Assets

Properties the service of which cannot be sold for their true cost obviously form the bulk of state-owned public works. Schools, jails, most public buildings, highways in general, some railways and public utilities not capable of earning costs are obvious liabilities of taxpayers. They are agencies of social service, but not profit-making instruments of capital. It is the State's business to own and operate such properties, but bond salesmen have no right, as they are in the habit of doing, to represent them as assets offsetting an increase in the public debt.

An analysis of the public-works expenditures financed by recent American loans shows very few to have been made for properties which pay for themselves. To take one of the best types of non-profit-yielding public works: Peru borrowed money at over 7 percent to irrigate land at a cost of about $300 a hectare; it then sold the land for $300, payable in twenty-five yearly instalments of $12. The yearly instalment of $12 amounted to 4 percent on the money borrowed at 7 percent, with nothing for amortization. Similarly, almost none of the South American government-built railways can earn capital charges. Most of them cannot pay operating costs.

There is a limit to the number of non-profit-yielding properties any state, however rich, is able to build and operate. There is absolutely no limit to the number of profit-yielding public works the state may properly finance, own and operate. The relatively few foreign public loans for this type of financing are, financially speaking at least, above criticism. The limit to non-profit-yielding properties has nothing to do with the socially useful qualities of the properties, but is determined solely by how much the taxpayers can afford to pay in taxation.

Another much ignored fact about the state's public-works plant is that it requires yearly additions and replacements on account of wear and tear and obsolescence. To call these annually recurring public-works expenditures extraordinary, or capital investments, or anything but current operating costs of government, is as absurd as it would be to call relaying one-tenth of the ties every year a new capital investment of a railway.

A present difficulty in most of the countries to which we have recently been lending for public works is this: although further loans are now impossible and although the government's income is now reduced by hard times, old public works go on wearing out and new ones must go on being built all the time.

The sound use of public credit is ordinarily that of enabling the State to tide over an emergency. Our issue of Panama Canal bonds was doubtless justified, but not on the ground that the purpose was a productive public work. Because of its national-defense implications, the Canal is more of a fiscal liability, in spite of its earnings, than an asset. The Panama Canal bond issue was justified on the assumption that building the Canal in a few years wholly out of revenues would have required an abrupt tax increase over a short period. Through the loan, the incidence of the cost to taxpayers was spread out over a longer period, but it was a heavier cost by the amount of interest. A loan was thought the lesser of two evils. Loans are not a way of perpetually spending more than revenues.

The use of public credit to finance business ventures is as sound or unsound as the ventures. American bankers for the most part are intemperate in their denunciation of government ownership. Yet, amusingly enough, they cannot recommend too strongly bonds to finance backward Latin American or Balkan states in undertaking these very enterprises. The profits of bond selling make strange bedfellows.

Apropos of the financing of state socialism in Latin America and Europe, so strangely dear to the hearts of American bankers, it is appropriate to point out what has happened in Russia. There a Communist government has not only gone into business, as all governments have already done, but has put business out of business. There it has been learned that a sound Socialist regime, granting such a thing to be possible, must pay as it goes. Long-term credit must be avoided. When the government takes over business as a social function, expansion must thereafter be made out of such accumulations of capital as the socialized State can effect. It is a sorry brand of Socialism which cannot function without long-term loans from capitalists whom all good Socialists must aim at eradicating.

The State as Capitalist

If the State wishes to dabble in business as a capitalist, which every State does in varying degrees, it should do so through the corporate organism, making all the operations measure up to strict capitalistic standards.

Public credit is most unwisely used to facilitate spending sprees which must be followed by bitter seasons of depression. Deficitary spending need not be contrived in boom times by politicians,

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bankers and contractors, in order to provide uses for loans. Wars, earthquakes, national disasters and long periods of economic depression are periodically recurring phenomena which furnish occasions for a defensible recourse to public credit.

According to the best thought of Wall Street, only rich nations like the United States should during boom times practise the Franklin, Coolidge and Mellon virtues of economy and debt reduction in national administration. Elsewhere, public extravagance is to be financed as heavily as possible with American savings. Wall Street profits from American financing of foreign extravagance. Wall Street suffers the penalties in taxation when similar follies are indulged at home. But when foreign public extravagances are financed with American savings, the American investor holds the bag and the foreign taxpayer pays the piper—if he can.

LAWRENCE DENNIS.

In the third article of the series on foreign bonds and American investors, Mr. Dennis will attack the widely held myth that foreign nations borrow money because they need productive capital.—THE EDITORS.

Roraback of Connecticut

Power Magnate and Political Boss

WHEN Connecticut elected a Democratic Governor on November 4, the event was not only unusual enough to gain nation-wide publicity, but it was a more than hopeful sign that the citizens of the state have at last decided to take the reins of government into their own hands. By the same token, moreover, it was a stinging rebuke to the state's eminent boss, Mr. J. Henry Roraback, who since time immemorial has been picking the state's Governors, its legislatures, its commissions and its assorted officials.

Wilbur L. Cross, the successful candidate, is the first Democrat to be elected Governor since 1912 and the second in thirty-eight years. He is an independent and anti-Roraback man, who is convinced that boss rule must go, that publicity must attend legislation and that "no concealed man behind the throne" shall pull the strings of government.

This is a revolutionary idea, indeed, in a state where boss rule has been an accepted fact for many a decade. However, the boss rule itself still requires some little explanation, for though Dean Cross was elected, the entire Roraback state ticket triumphed and both branches of the legislature are still safely attached to Roraback's leading strings. The king was not deposed, he was merely rebuked.

Unjustly enough, Mr. Roraback has not yet acquired that wide national renown which is his by right and title. He sits complacently and formidably on the influential executive committee of the Republican National Committee. He not only directs national happenings from there, but frequently visits the Rapidan and the White House. President Hoover, overlooking the fact that Roraback fought him at the Kansas City convention, values the judgment and counsel of the Connecticut boss, and has admitted as much in public.

Mr. Roraback started as a lawyer. He has been a member of the Republican National Committee for ten years, of the Connecticut Republican state central committee for thirty-two and its chairman for the last eighteen. His control of the Connecticut state legislature and government is well nigh absolute, the rotten borough system, which gives a village as much representation as a big city in the lower legislative branch, helping him to maintain it.

Outside the sphere of politics he controls, through his investments, the public utilities of the state. Over twenty years ago he began collecting broad charter rights from the legislature. Though he has now sold his comprehensive holdings to the United Gas Improvement Company of Pennsylvania for over eighty million dollars, he still remains in direct command of the Connecticut field. The combination of public utilities and state government provides certain possibilities which J. Henry has never ignored. The rates which Mr. Roraback's light and power companies charge the public, for instance, are established by the state public-utilities commission, whose members hold office at Roraback's pleasure.

Highly illuminating has been the recent spectacle of the attorney-general's office furiously fighting to allow the public-utilities commission to betray its duty and permit nullification of a law passed by the legislature, because enforcement, it was alleged, might be financially harmful to the New Haven Railroad. In 1925 the legislature had decreed that railroads in the state—or in other words, the New Haven road—should annually remove one grade crossing for every fifty miles of track. Nothing happened, for the public-utilities commission, whose duty it is to enforce the law, completely ignored it. Last year a few citizens, angered by the delay, presented to the attorney-general the proper legal petition to force him to start prescribed action for

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removal of the public-utilities commission for "material neglect of duty."

Immediately the office of the attorney-general succumbed to an even more acute attack of inertia. Therefore, the petitioners went to the superior court and got a mandamus order for the attorney-general to take some action. He appealed and the state supreme court of errors dismissed the appeal, declaring in the process that "these allegations [of the original petitioners] assuredly make out a *prima facie* case of the financial conditions of the railroads during these years which would warrant the commission ordering the removal each year of the eighteen crossings."

The attorney-general then sought a new trial, but the petition was quashed by the superior court, which pointedly declared that it could not see how "the issues raised by the attorney-general are of any significance in the present discussion," adding that the attorney-general seemed to have but one thing to do—proceed against the commission. Further time-killing tactics have now been employed by the attorney-general's office, in the hope that the grade-crossing law will be rescinded this winter by the Roraback legislature.

In 1923 the then Governor was only a mild Roraback man. He ignored the advice of Roraback and chose his own secretary, who stood loyally by the Governor during the term. Not long thereafter the legislature passed a law to take for a state tuberculosis sanitarium land held by the family of Major Anson T. McCook, the Governor's secretary. Major McCook fought back. Last summer the supreme court of errors voided this and about 1,500 other laws, most of them passed during the last five years of Roraback domination, because the Governor had not signed them within the legal time limit. A special session of the legislature, therefore, was called for last August, and it passed with a whoop all these 1,500 illegal laws, and then made them retroactive. This brought from the supreme court of errors another rebuke to Rorabackism and its boasted efficiency. This retroactive business, the court stated, was an "encroachment" upon the judicial authority, an encroachment "so marked as to make unnecessary a more complete discussion" of so broad a subject.

More than once the courts have proved themselves to be a fly in the Roraback ointment. For example, the state of Connecticut a couple of years ago suddenly discovered itself greatly concerned over a Massachusetts project to divert comparatively small quantities of water from two tributaries of the Connecticut River for Boston reservoir purposes. The attorney-general's office and a special state counsel started on the warpath for Washington and expended endless noise and many thousands of dollars in battle before the Supreme Court. The case is still undecided, but so far all decisions have favored Massachusetts, and on one occasion the Supreme Court took the unusual step of rebuking the legal quality of the Connecticut arguments and deciding against them when presentation was half concluded. Of course the main, if not the only beneficiary, of a verdict for Connecticut would be Mr. Roraback and his power companies. Naturally, he finds it profitable to have the state fight and finance his battles for him.

Certain factors contribute to the hold of this prosperous feudal lord. These are, to mention only two, the long continued demoralization of the state Democratic party and Mr. Roraback's implacable enmity toward, and punishment of, those who stray from the fold.

So demoralized has the Democratic party been since its last triumph that in more ways than one it has helped to maintain Roraback in power. Thus, when the delegate speaking at the Republican state convention declared Roraback had been able "not only to win most of the elections from the Democrats, but also to make the Democratic state organization a mere political annex to the Republican organization," the delegates "applauded and laughed and Mr. Roraback fairly shook with laughter."

This statement which caused so much hilarity among Roraback and his disciples was certainly not far from the truth. No one, for example, has ever denied that on certain occasions wires have been strung between Roraback and Democratic leaders, to the benefit of Rorabackism. In fact, this fall Governor Trumbull felt compelled to issue a public denial that the elevation last June of a Waterbury Democrat to the superior-court bench was made with an eye to the coming congressional election in the close Fifth District, of which Waterbury is the Democratic center.

Before the Democrats nominated Dean Cross for Governor, former Congressman O'Sullivan, now state Democratic-committee head, stated he would support Cross if the latter "shows himself free from entangling alliances with the autocratic party in power." Even more significant was a declaration six weeks before election by the new national committeeman McNeil and Chairman O'Sullivan denouncing trades and admitting that "too often in the past we have been accused of negotiating with the opposing party. We propose to enter a new day."

In 1928, when Al Smith was appealing to Connecticut Democrats as almost no other candidate had done, the investigation of a stock-selling scandal broke in Hartford, involving the names of the Governor and other high officials. The Governor, after offering a brief and not satisfactory explanation, said the matter was closed. The stock scandal went through court and resulted in a little over fourteen years in jail for the promoter, but the Democrats made no use of this potential dynamite in their campaign, although the facts were public property two weeks before election and could have been used with telling effect.

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Boss Roraback has found it fairly easy to sink his enemies into oblivion. When Mrs. Willebrandt quit over a year ago, President Hoover selected State's Attorney Alcorn of Hartford to be the new prohibition-enforcement chief in the Department of Justice. Mr. Roraback protested and Hoover yielded.

At the Kansas City convention in 1928 Congressman Tilson of New Haven, floor leader of the national House, and always aligned with the New Haven anti-Roraback faction, wanted the vice-presidential nomination. There were signs that Hoover was not unwilling. Again Roraback interposed. By privately holding out support to Tilson and by publicly letting it be assumed that the Connecticut delegation would vote against Tilson, the boss jockeyed the latter out of any chance.

Over a year ago an enterprising young college professor began a crusade against Roraback rule. He obtained the support of a few high-minded citizens and of a very few public-spirited newspapers, notably The Waterbury Republican-American. This professor was Albert Levitt who, single-handed, led the fight against non-enforcement of the grade-crossing law. This summer Levitt, who is a Republican, began a campaign for an anti-Roraback ticket in the September state convention. That campaign resulted in much candid airing of Roraback bossism, but Levitt's ticket managed to obtain only four votes in the Roraback-run state convention. Levitt, however, started a revolt, and one which may assume historical importance.

In the midst of his anti-Roraback activities, Levitt was informed that he had been dropped from the faculty of the Brooklyn Law School of St. Lawrence University. The public assumption of Dean Cross that the dismissal was due to Levitt's "criticism of the public utilities and the political management of this state" has not been successfully disproved.

In his six years as Governor, Mr. Trumbull declared this fall, Mr. Roraback has never dictated to him. "I very frankly admit, however, that frequently I have asked Mr. Roraback's advice in various matters and in every instance when this advice was given I have found it to be for the best interests of the state. I think it is a pretty good plan to follow." This is a sample of the sops tossed to Connecticut as adequate reassurance that Roraback is no boss.

That this reassurance, so far as the governorship is concerned, did not succeed this year and that two Democratic congressmen were elected seem to prove that Rorabackism is losing its force. Dean Cross had the aid of a renovated Democratic leadership which had apparently shed most of the incubus of the Tom Spellacy-Dave Fitzgerald regime. Dr. Cross himself not only offered a strong personal appeal to the voters, but made a courageous and intelligent crusade, building on the Levitt agitation and attacking Roraback and his works.

Thus, the flag of rebellion has been raised. But how long it will remain aloft is a question and a hope. The boss and his machine have not been overthrown, they have only been rebuked and frightened. Yet growth has small beginnings and now that Dean Cross has demonstrated that one can be a rebel in Connecticut and still survive, enlistments may pick up and the rising tide of sentiment against boss rule may sweep Roraback and his machine into the oblivion where so many of his political enemies have disappeared.

BULKLEY S. GRIFFIN.

Scanderbeg

She sat on the wall and dangles her silk-stockinged legs,
Saying, "I'll not have them stung for any old man who is dead,"
So I went where the nettles were rank and came on a stone that read:
"Matthew de Renzi,
Knight, born in Germany,
Descended from George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg,
Who fifty-two battles waged with conquest against the Great Turk."
More; the Knight Matthew de Renzi,
Learned in Irish, composed for it a dictionary;
He corresponded with men of state on high affairs,
And died here: fifty-seven his years.
Peace be with Matthew!
Then I looked where she sat on the wall, dangling her silk-stockinged legs,
Which she would not have stung for any old man who was dead,
As she said,
Not even, I supposed, for a descendant of Scanderbeg!
But I heard a curlew
Over the river beside me, the Shannon it was,
And saw from that to the Danube, and it was crossed
By turbaned men under whose stallions' hooves the grass
Never grew again;
And that field of battle, the Plain of the Blackbirds, Kossovo,
And the Sultan Murad slain;
And the breach in Constantinople's walls, and Belgrade,
Buda and Vienna under great cannonade,
And the sweep of the Pashas onwards till Hungary, Poland, the Germanies were all dismayed,
And that history-less man, George Castriot, holding at bay
Byzantium's conquerors in the mountains of Albania;
Then battles along the Rhine
And Dutchmen and English, Frenchmen and Irish, forcing or holding this line.
And the Shannon crossed and Aughrim lost to our own overthrow!
Two hundred years' battling in Europe at the name of Scanderbeg
Spun through my mind as a curlew cried overhead!

PADRAIC COLUM.

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Many Happy Returns

ON THE night of the glorious fourth of November the darkness and the rain fell upon Woppington, but within Elmer Durkin's news shop all was merry and bright.

Against this happy hour Elmer had bought a modest radio. He had carefully adjusted the dials and his features for the reception of good news.

Elmer's moon-like face was transfigured by a great miracle. For the first time since the year of the Bull Moose, Woppington had gone Democratic, bringing pain to the important neck of Horace W. Witherspoon, local leader of the only party fit to govern, and starting Elmer's evening with a bang.

"As Woppington goes, so goes Washington."

Before an hour had passed it looked as if the newsdealer had said what is vulgarly known as a mouthful. Not only was New York City rolling up an impressive Democratic majority, but incredible tales were coming in from upstate regions. Elmer told his guests:

"They're voting for Roosevelt in tank towns where they always thought a Democrat was some kind of a germ. The dope is that F. R. will breeze with a net of half a million or better."

"Those Tammany scandals didn't seem to cramp his style any," said the reliable druggist, Chester A. Donner.

"Scandals are not so hot as campaign fodder," the newsdealer reflected. "The Democrats tried that with the Harding mess and took it on the chin. This Tuttle raked up some nice dirt but he couldn't pin anything on Franklin D. except that he didn't sink enough harpoons in the Tiger. They can't put you on the hot spot for being kind to dumb animals.

"It was the only tune that Tuttle could toot on his sax. He listened good for seven or eight minutes but he turned out to be just another pushover. He lost the Drys off his bus and didn't pick up any Wets. And all that baby knew about the state government was that they held it in Albany."

The radio now pretended to believe that Butler was ahead in Massachusetts.

"Hick-town stuff," said Elmer. "I bit on that one once. Wait till we get the big noise from drippity Wet Boston, the hubbub of the universe—oh-oh! here comes a load of Alabama."

Scattering returns indicated that Bankhead would beat Heflin by two to one.

"There goes the last living Hoovercrat," cried the happy news vendor. "The best music that's come out of this squawk box since I got it. That about washes up Tom-Tom. If I never hear his name again it'll be too soon."

Dink Hubbell, an innocent bysitter, answered the telephone and announced that Dr. Sawyer wanted to speak to Elmer in person.

"I'll give the old boy a break. That medicine man hasn't had a hearty laugh since 1916."

The returns indicated, Elmer presently announced, that the physician had gone ga-ga by a large majority.

"As far as I can see he wants to go out and flutter from Horace Witherspoon's flagpole. Listen who's here—J. Ham Lewis."

The news from Illinois brought Elmer no grief.

"Poor Ruth! She tried to carry water on one shoulder and hooch on the other. No lady can get away with that."

And so far into the night—Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut and even Kansas. For ten o'clock brought the rumor that the faithful Henry Allen had gone down in hideous ruin and combustion.

"He fought, bled and croaked for Herby. There's hardly a dry eye in my face."

At midnight Elmer sat alone in his news shop whence all but him had fled. On the table was a large sheet of wrapping paper covered with delicious statistics. Now the door opened and in came the pathetic remnants of what had once been J. Tompkins Riland, editor of The Woppingtonian.

"Just the guy I wanted to see," Elmer said innocently. "How did the election turn out?"

The journalist sank wearily into a chair.

"Go ahead and gloat and have it over with. I just dropped in to get insulted."

But this was a kindlier and a mellower Elmer. He gave the stricken editor a hand of fellowship and a fairly good cigar.

"Hunger and thirst, J. T. You couldn't hope to beat a combo like that. It was a condemocratic victory, the way I dope it. Maybe it's just a flash, but still on past performances it listens like lousy news for 'thirty-two."

"Those fellows haven't won Congress yet."

"We don't know who won it, but we know the party that lost it. Who but Hoover? The alibi babies can't laugh that one off. All the G. O. P's that pulled through are the wrong kind—birds like Pinchot, Borah, Couzens, Norris and Phil La Follette. Or a sopping Wet like Morrow.

"Whoever gets the edge, the next Congress will be no comfort to the Chief. The best he'll ever hear from Capitol Hill is 'sez you!' He'll be lucky if he can get by that bunch with a Thanksgiving proclamation."

"This might be a good thing for Hoover," said the newspaper man. "He's always at his best in time of public calamity. I bet he'll be a good loser."

"Like Sir Tommy. We ought to slip him a consolation cup. Listen, J. T.—here's a good hunch. Let's kick in a smacker apiece and buy him a swell new hair shirt."

FELIX RAY.

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Football Morals

DURING the latest War (some superstition always makes me refrain from saying "the last"), some patriotic individual conceived and executed the patriotic idea of distributing printed precepts among the civilian population. The cards read: "Obey the law and keep your mouth shut." What could be simpler or more to the point? The country was at war, to all intents and purposes we were under martial law; yours, then, not to reason why, yours but to keep your mouth shut —or take the consequences. We learn with every war the increasing truth that in time of war, expediency must rule: that the bill of rights must be suspended, that free speech must be suspended, that the individual conscience must keep quiet before the loud will of the majority.

We know (not only from fiction and the utterances of generals, but from recent experience) that professional soldiers look on war as a game. We should also be aware that professional football coaches look on football as a war. The two, in fact, are indistinguishable, and at every point.

At the university which it was my privilege to attend we once had a football team. It had glorious traditions; that particular year it was hoped that laurels might even be added to the fading pile. The night before our team went off to play our chief rival, our rulers decreed the customary mass meeting. It would be impossible to explain one of these gatherings to a foreigner, but every American will understand how necessary it is for Americans, before embarking on any desperate project, to stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood and arouse every latent corpuscle of virile spirit by exhortations, songs, boasts and frenzied yelling. It was at that meeting I first heard it definitely announced, by no less an authority than the coach himself, that the people who thought football was a game—were crazy. Football, said he, is not a game, it's a war! It was a popular decision; the roof very nearly came off. At the moment, I took his words as a laudable exaggeration, but a few moments' reflection convinced me that he was right. After all, were not we, packed undistinguished among the benches, hoarse from loyalty, really the inferior classes of a proud tribe; were not those dozen scarred warriors there on the platform our Samurai caste? Were they not about to sally forth to give their all (they had each promised it) for us, for the honor and glory of the tribe; would they not bring dishonor to a vanquished foe? Certainly that was our idea.

A moment later the coach added significant fuel to the leaping flames. With sternest sarcasm he enquired of us how we were planning to comport ourselves, this imminent Saturday, in the face of our enemies. Were we going to sidle politely along their thoroughfares, as meek as Moses? Or were we going to tread those enemy pavements as if we owned the town? A menacing roar gave the right answer. Pleased, but not to satiety, the speaker added his final command: if, or rather when, we encountered any of the hated foe, far from yielding them room or passing them peaceably, we were to remember who we were, and shove 'em off! Now at last we knew where we were. It was to be war: force, force to the utmost, force without stint or—what are the professorial words? The coach put it just as effectively.

Without football, American colleges could not exist; they would become religious seminaries, or academies of learning, or perhaps educational institutions. As things are, the American college is a little state of its own, with more than a hint of Ruritania in its make-up, but with a fiercely nationalistic spirit—especially in football season. These little states, naturally, are ranked according to their prowess in war. Time was when the Great Powers (Harvard, Yale and Princeton) ruled the roost, but times change, and now other ententes, big and little, are more and more openly challenging for the supremacy. In a vainly dignified effort (which fooled nobody) to keep the warfare within civilized bounds, the Great Powers met in an arbitration conference a few years ago, and decided on a kind of limitation of armament: they agreed not to begin battle practice before a certain date each year, and not to spy on each other. Then, too, there is a general League of Nations, whose promulgations of international law are both more definite and more enforceable than those of its Genevan prototype; for all football states obey the letter, if not the spirit, of its sometimes silly and usually experimental regulations.

But of late years there has been a growing discontent with all this regulating machinery. War (that is, football), growl the big-navy men, is being legislated out of existence; with all these namby-pamby rules we shall soon have a nation of softies, and had better turn our attention to tiddly-winks. A successful campaign still mollifies these grumblers, temporarily. But woe to that nation whose army is vanquished! Its old men rise in their wrath and demand the blood of the traitor. One unsuccessful campaign they can forgive, for they know the fortunes of war; but two is one too many, something must be rotten somewhere in the state. Unless the unlucky commander-in-chief has an iron-bound contract, with several years to run, he is apt to be the victim. But sometimes the angry mob will not be so easily appeased.

I said a little earlier that my university *once* had a football team. I am afraid I was being a little bitter. For I am a member of a conquered race: this year has been the blackest in all our football annals. Every week has brought its fresh disaster; nothing quite like it has ever happened before. The political situation, in consequence, grows threaten-

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ing. We know from history that a disastrous war brings revolution in its wake. In this case, the rising mutter of the citizens is not directed against the commander-in-chief (an aged general, he is almost at the retirement age) but at the government itself; the very monarchy is threatened. Wherever two or three alumni are gathered together, you may hear this threat made vocal. "The Dean must go. . . . We need new blood. . . . What can you expect, the way they make those fellows work now? . . . Just a lot of tea-drinkers down there."

It is a serious business. For if a college cannot win football games, its very existence becomes precarious. Not only do its conquerors exact a cash tribute from the civilian population, but the prestige of the whole state suffers; punier freshman children are born into it, the warrior material in disgust goes elsewhere. Shades of old heroes angrily harangue any who will listen. The citizens creep about the streets, bowed with their shame, a target for well deserved taunts. Business suffers. Digestions suffer. Souls grow perceptibly less noble.

Well, if the revolution comes, as doubtless it will (for these are Nazis, not Communists), it is my patriotic hope that we shall not return to the old order of things. War may be a game, but it is not a game to be politely regulated. In the near future, when we have exiled our commander-in-chief, and kicked out the present degenerate government, let us enthrone a real Duce, who will concentrate all his activities on once again making us a warrior race. It may take a little time, but a Dictator can do it. And when he has brought us to The Day, then let our enemies tremble! War is no longer confined to mercenary armies; there are, there should be, no noncombatants. Need I say more?

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Washington Notes

I DO NOT know exactly whose idea that pure and patriotic proclamation signed by those seven noble Democratic leaders originally was, though I have my suspicions and they do not center upon any of the signers. What I do know, however, is that this short session of Congress to begin in a few days now will not be very old before the Senate Chamber will ring with recriminations and taunts, that there will be resolutions from Democrats to investigate this and that department of the administration. There will also be speeches from Democratic statesmen denouncing the President and opposing both the measures and men he proposes.

Soon after the happy Yuletide recess is over, the boys will be at each other's throats again and politics will be played in the same old way. The private comment of Democratic members of the Senate and House who did not sign the coöperation pledge is itself a sufficient assurance of that, if there were not other reasons for thinking so. But there are. One is the contention that the armistice was meant entirely for the Seventy-second Congress, which meets a year from now, and does not apply at all to this final three months' session of the Seventy-first. Such is the view most generally taken by the Democrats who are slowly drifting into Washington in advance of the session.

Of course, if this is so, a Democratic pledge of coöperation that can't be tested for more than a year is not so very important. By that time hardly anyone will remember it. Another reason for thinking peace and good will are not going to be conspicuously present in either this short session or the next is knowledge of the extremely human nature of politicians. Still another is that there is no evidence in the past to show that any set of leaders in either party has ever been able to lay down rules for party guidance such as these, and get party people to follow them. It is a fine broad idea, but putting it into effect is another question. What will happen, I think, will be that the statement itself will be the subject of more bitterness between the parties than anything else. Neither side has the least belief in the sincerity of the other—and they are both right.

As to the next House, it still seems that the Republicans have elected a bare majority. This, however, by no means gives them control. The rather ghoulish fact is that the election of the next Speaker depends upon the number of deaths that occur in the new House membership before the new Congress meets. If more Democrats die than Republicans, the Honorable Mr. Longworth will be reëlected without trouble. If, however, the mortality on the Republican side is greater than on the other, then the Honorable Mr. Garner of Texas will realize his great ambition to preside over the House and ride in the "people's automobile." But that is merely the election of the Speaker. The retention of control during the two years Congress is in session still depends upon the health of the membership, the absentees and the recalcitrants. Whether it is Nick or Jack who ascends the throne a year from now, his seat will be insecure, his dominance of the situation a mere pretense, his majority unstable and apt to slide out from under him at any time. From one week to another he will not know whether he is Speaker of the House or merely the leader of the minority.

Needless to say, anything like strength of administration under such conditions will be impossible. Almost anything can happen. A good many unexpected things will. At any rate the House, to a side-line observer, will be vastly more interesting than it has been in a long while. Under the complete control of the Longworth-Snell-Tilson machine, with its unshakable 103 majority, for the past two years it has been an uncommonly dull and colorless body. Spectators never more than one-quarter filled the galleries. Only those press correspondents who had to attend did. The Senate was where the show was. They all flocked there. Next year, it will be different. When a vote is taken in the House no one will know the result until the last name is called and the last pair announced. No one will know either whether he will find a Democrat or a Republican in the Speaker's chair. No one will know anything and no one can predict anything. The Senate will be in much the

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same condition. There will be a gaudy performance all the time at both ends of the Capitol, with the actors knowing as little about the final curtain as the audience. Altogether a lively time is sure to be had, and in these circumstances to talk of "coöperation" and an "era of good feeling" seems to an unprejudiced observer to be talking through the hat.

Aside from speculations concerning the speakership and the bona-fide nature of the coöperation pledge, the most interesting topic in Washington the past week has been the statement on prohibition from that scintillating little Republican statesman, Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio, chairman of the National Committee. There was a statement.

All Senator Fess said was that, no matter what the Democratic party did in 1932, the Republicans would stay Dry —or split. In face of the overwhelming Wet successes in Ohio, Illinois and other states in the recent election; in face of the fact that, in New York, Mr. Fess's party has definitely gone over to the Wet side; in face of the Wickersham report expected now most any time; and in face of the probability of Mr. Fess's President's using that report to take his stand with Mr. Morrow on the repeal proposal —well in face of these things, Mr. Fess certainly said a mouthful. From the Wet end of the Republican party— from the Honorable Wadsworth, the Honorable Britten and others—come loud outcries of indignation, demands that Mr. Fess resign and declarations that it would be infinitely better to split than adhere to a losing and unsound position.

It would not have been so bad had Mr. Fess simply spoken as Mr. Fess, but Mr. Fess now speaks as the official head of the Republican party organization and as such for the party. To say that those representatives of the party in this vicinity were grieved is to put it mildly indeed. Some of the curses privately heaped upon the devoted head of Simeon were long, deep and fervent. And they are still being uttered. That the untimeliness of his statement deeply pained the White House entourage was evidenced pretty clearly. Undoubtedly Herbert suffered, but if I am not mistaken the gentleman whose sufferings were most acute was Postmaster General Walter Brown, who, more than anyone else, is responsible for putting Mr. Fess into the chairmanship and who is regarded as the real political director of the White House.

Personally, the sufferings of Mr. Brown arouse no sympathetic response in my breast. Mr. Brown should have known better than to put this little Anti-Saloon League-ridden Ohio politician into the chairmanship. He should have known in the first place that he would take himself seriously as the party spokesman, and in the second place that he would talk without tact or judgment. It serves Mr. Brown good and right. If the Fess selection is a sample of his political wisdom he is a whole lot less wise than he has been said to be. Further, I predict that this is but one of many Fessian utterances that will give pain to his sponsors and backers before they convince him, if they ever do, that he is a temporary and not a permanent chairman.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Curtain Call

BEFORE his death, Henry Arthur Jones more than once charged his daughter that she should write his life. She has done so, and, taken simply, the book[1] she has written is a fine one, direct, full of affection and healthy memories, frank and in good taste. It leaves out many of the details that made up the man, or any man; it cuts into no pungent insight with regard to his plays, and it deals gently with the many personages that pass through its chapters. But it has the same intellectual level, if not all the vigor, that the subject himself had; and precisely on this account it reveals, though more or less unconsciously, his excellences and defects. Seventy-eight years passed between that September day when he was born—his father and grandfather farmers, innkeepers and carpenters—in 1851, and his death in 1929; and during that time he had written nearly a hundred plays, comedy, tragedy, poetic, realistic, on many themes; he had fought many battles for the drama's sake, the truth as the dramatist sees it, the abolition of the censorship and many another cause, with numberless letters, speeches, attacks, enthusiasms and indignations, generous, courageous, energetic. The summation of these activities and emotions came with the World War, when he heaped pamphlet on pamphlet, lost and made friends, and blew himself to atoms with his old, lifelong alternation of creation, rage and joy with bottomless depressions and nervous breakdowns.

Henry Arthur Jones as a playwright won, along with his failures, immense successes in his time. He doubtless has numerous admirers now; certainly in his generation he had applause enough. As a dramatist he is an expert technician, directly and naturally apt to lead straight into the business of his play. The subject matter of the life around him he employed, up to a certain point; his characters were actable and his theses and situations full of theatrical possibility and zest. In appreciation of the qualities they considered the plays to show, scores of his contemporaries wrote to the dramatist, many of them celebrated, and a good deal of the volume is taken up with letters exchanged to and fro. H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Max Beerbohm, Gilbert Murray, Lord Roberts, Matthew Arnold, Bernard Shaw are among these friendly and laudatory correspondents.

Aside from the sincerity, taste and gentle affection in the writing of this biography, and the data supplied for stage history, there is little of any great importance. It was a busy, seething, proper age, full of variety and boldness, sentiment and an eye for the main chance, full of smug morality, fraud and confusion. The letters of these great men one to another seem tame enough; sometimes I wonder if they are admiring the dramatist's work so much as they are standing by his character, courage and theatrical position. They have committed themselves, however, not only to loyalty and social intercourse, but also to praise, and so must stand by it. They come off poorly: Matthew Arnold with his sense of responsibility in any opinion he might express and with his reservation about seduction scenes,

[1] Taking the Curtain Call. The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones, by Doris Arthur Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.

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which displease him; and the others pattering along culturally, but without any notion of what the theatrical art essentially is. As I read I told myself that it was not without reason that they used to say and still say in England, let's go to the play, as if it were the promenade or any evening's diversion; will you dine with us and go to the play? is a significant phrase. They were all very sure, too, at that time about what nature is and art is; and even Bernard Shaw speaks of how we have learned now how much greater is Wagner, with his realities, than Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," which once men thought "the summit of musical sublimity and profundity," though they now perceive that "Wagner's work is all melody and feeling, and the other stuff is nine-tenths formality and twaddle." Among the letter writers Bernard Shaw comes off best, nevertheless, in the tender, tactful but unflinching letters he wrote when Jones fell foul of him about the War, and in those earlier letters when the two of them were rising dramatists, though Shaw's ascension was far behind his friend's and his obstacles infinitely greater.

There is one letter of Shaw's that is the best and most interesting item in the whole book. It belongs to an early stage when he was more suspended and quivering about his life and his work, and had some, it is true, but much less of that exhibitionism, white-haired darlingism and slight vulgarity which of late have made the thought of him a trifle uncomfortable for us. It was far back in 1924 when this letter from "Folkestone, Beastly wet day," was written:

> I find that when I present a drama of pure feeling, wittily expressed, the effect when read by me to a picked audience of people in a room is excellent. But in a theater, the mass of the people, too stupid to relish the wit, and too conventional to sympathize with real as distinct from theatrical feeling, simply cannot see any drama or fun there at all, whilst the clever people feel the discrepancy between the real and theatrical feeling only as a Gilbertian satire on the latter, and, appreciating the wit well enough, are eager to show their cleverness by proclaiming me as a monstrously clever speaker in a cynical line. These clever people predominate in a first-night audience; and, accordingly, in "Arms and the Man" I had the curious experience of witnessing an apparently insane success, with the actors and actresses almost losing their heads with the intoxication of laugh after laugh, and of going [Shaw] before the curtain to tremendous applause, the only person in the theater who knew that the affair was a ghastly failure. The same thing is occurring now in Boston, Philadelphia, etc.—there is about as much of me in the affair as there is of Shakespeare in Garrick's "Katherine and Petruchio." Here and there, of course, I come across a person who was *moved* by the play, or by such portions of it as were played any better than a pantomime opening, but for the general public there needs a long fight. . . .

What a light that ought to be on him! But as for this other dramatist, his friend—!

"My father fought hard and fearlessly for years to establish the right of English dramatists to depict life as it is, and not an emasculated trumpery suitable only for young ladies of a past generation," the memoir says. It may have been so with Henry Arthur Jones, in pamphlets, lectures and letters to The Times at least; and often underneath the plays there may have been a hot pressure to finish the last act according to its own nature and not to please. But the fact remains that the play, being read to Miss Moore and Sir Charles Wyndham, is found guilty, really Sue should be innocent; and later from Switzerland Sir Charles writes of his bewilderment at finding "an author, a clean-living, clear-minded man, hoping to extract laughter from an audience on the score of a woman's impurity—laughter out of the one indispensable quality in womanhood— Will married men bring their wives to see—?" Etcetera. And toward the end we hear the old man saying that his life has been a success, but only three times when writing his hundred plays has he written what he wanted to write and not what circumstances have compelled. "Had Irving accepted 'Michael and His Lost Angel,' which I wrote for him, he would have landed me at the top of my profession." He means also that success there would have won him freedom. This play was, of all his work, his favorite, his pet adventure, but the end of it evades everything that in the earlier scenes has been alive, and we go down at last in sheer banality and middle-class moral trash.

He has had great success on the English stage, he says, in a kind of last message, but remembers with sadness the fact that often he has written below his aspirations and men's expectations. He has done this "in the hope of capturing that wide and popular approbation without which no dramatist can hope for position and authority." But he is convinced that there is no hope for the English drama "until the great body of English men of letters take a diligent and understanding interest in the theater." It all sounds strangely familiar, we have all heard it time and again. First I will succeed, then I will be in a position to create truly and take high ground.

"How lucky you novelists are," Henry Arthur Jones wrote once to someone, "you can write your book any way you want; but the dramatist must give people what they like."

That is sound professional doctrine, not unknown to Broadway. And that, long ago, is what I heard in Brander Matthews' lectures to his Columbia students; he was of the same generation and a dear friend of Henry Arthur Jones. Henry Arthur Jones, the best of his kind in English. Technique, fire and power, great material and great theme, but coddled down at last to the audience and their approval. "Like the poor cat i' the adage," who wanted the fish but did not want to wet his paws. This is why, though he and his kind could teach us much, we, as we come after them, find it so easy to forget.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

The International Copyright Situation

SIR: One of the most pressing and serious considerations with respect to copyright is the question of the entry of the United States into the International Copyright Union. This very practical union for the automatic protection of an author's works throughout all countries was created in 1887, and now includes more than thirty countries. The United States has held aloof, but there has slowly developed a strong feeling that the time

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has arrived for our entry into the Copyright Union, and the copyright bill which was debated in the last session of Congress provides for such entry.

The Copyright Union is based upon the original "Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Property" adopted at Berne, Switzerland, in 1886. This was thoroughly revised at Berlin in 1908 and a substitute text was adopted. This last was again discussed at the International Copyright Conference held at Rome in 1928, and a few, but very important, amendments were adopted and the new text was signed there on June 2, 1928.

The copyright bill proposes entry of the United States into the Copyright Union by declaring adherence to the Copyright Convention of 1908. It is not clear why, after a delay of more than forty years, it should now be proposed that the United States should adhere to a convention which is already twenty-two years old and which the Rome conference has provided shall be discarded after August 1, 1931.

It is the declared purpose of the Union to attempt to obtain throughout the world all possible *uniformity* in the legal protection of an author's work. Obviously, therefore, there should be adherence by all countries, so far as possible, to one and the same text of convention and the Rome Convention is definitely declared to replace the original Berne Convention of 1886, and that new countries entering the Union after August 1, 1931, must do so by adherence to the Rome Convention of 1928. With a desire possibly to facilitate the entry of some new countries into the Union, however, it is provided that up to that date (August 1, 1931) such countries may obtain membership by adhering to the convention signed at Berlin in 1908.

This new convention of 1928 affords greater safeguards to the author in several particulars, i. e., concerning radio broadcasting, and in protecting the "moral right" of an author. Article 6 *bis* declares that even after the assignment of the copyright of his works, an author "retains the right to claim the paternity of the work, as well as the right to object to every deformation, mutilation or other modification of the said work, which may be prejudicial to his honor or to his reputation." That authors need this sort of protection there can be no doubt.

An interesting example is given in The Author (London) by Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is the translator, in collaboration with his wife, of some of the plays of Tolstoy. Three of these translated plays were reprinted in a volume issued in New York without mention of the authorized translators and with verbal alterations in many of the lines and the entire omission of a scene in Act II, in which a distinguished actress won a great success in a London theater. In the case of another play, the title was changed to one declared by Mr. Maude to be inappropriate.

Article 6 *bis* is only one example of the added rights of authors which may be obtained under the new 1928 convention. The amendments adopted at Rome in 1928 express the results of twenty years of the best and most expert European thought with respect to international copyright advancement. There are no changes made by the text of the convention of 1928 which the United States need hesitate to accept. The amendments are of the greatest value with respect to the world-wide legal protection of an author's work. It is greatly to be hoped that the copyright bill will be amended to propose adherence—not to the old 1908 convention, but to the new, up-to-date convention of Rome, 1928, before its enactment into law.

THORVALD SOLBERG.

Madrid, Spain.

The Gold-Wilder Controversy

SIR: The Gold vs. Wilder fracas is amusing, and The New Republic deserves a medal from some foundation for uncovering the fact that a number of people can still get hot under the collar over American fiction, but so far the contest seems totally mistaken, both on Gold's part and on the side of his detractors. The defects in Gold's logic are patent and it would be a waste of space to demolish them: obviously, if Gold objects to Wilder as the advocate of the "genteel Christ," he must object to the somewhat similar talent of Robert Nathan (Nathan is the advocate of the genteel renunciation of all hope, worldly or other-worldly). To a campaigning Communist the one must seem as useless as the other. But Gold singled out Wilder, because the critical praise showered upon "The Bridge" and "The Woman of Andros" misled him into thinking he was dealing with an elephant. It seems to me that, if Gold had kept his wits about him, he could have taken an incontrovertible stand by writing a paper on "The Critics of Thornton Wilder." But Gold forgot that a mouse has a right to its mouseness, and that there can be very nice mice indeed. It is true that a mouse should not be mistaken for an elephant, but why blame the mouse? Mr. Gold should have slaughtered the literary nature-fakers who have constituted themselves barkers (myself probably included) at the side-show of Thornton Wilder; they have been telling us that the mouse is the main attraction. Meanwhile the Pahwahs languish in the main tent and get no peanuts, and, meanwhile, far worse artists go unscathed, even by Mr. Gold. Why not get Mr. Gold to write his piece over again?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

New York City.

P. S. Lest I sound supercilious toward Wilder, it should be added that I have a taste for some mice. I read "The Bridge" in an Ossining speakeasy, and found it, in the circumstances, quite poignant. Perhaps if Mr. Gold will read "The Bridge" before Lenin's tomb, or under the wall of the Kremlin, he will return a converted man. J. C.

SIR: Lee Wilson Dodd explains good-humoredly to Michael Gold that he ought not to write literary criticism because he does not possess a disinterested mind. Once in a hospital I saw a man with a disinterested mind; he had sleeping sickness. A quick yet disinterested mind must be somewhere among us, since so many people seem to be familiar with it. But I'm not among those who have seen it. I cannot even imagine it. To be truly disinterested, I should think, one would have to be completely uninformed, or utterly indifferent; and in that case, how summon the energy to reach for a sheet of paper, let alone to formulate a point of view in a letter to an editor? Mr. Gold, writing on Thornton Wilder, made clear his point of view, and made clear what he saw from it. Is any other kind of criticism worth reading?

BYRON DEXTER.

New York City.

"Shilly-shally" Nonsense

SIR: I hope you won't fall into that lamentable and nonsensical attitude of always speaking "of hundreds of thousands of otherwise law-abiding and respecting citizens who casually violate the Eighteenth Amendment and bring up their children to see it thus flouted."

This attitude, which you use, and which is being used by a great many other people, just makes me sick. Don't believe for a minute that these people do not violate other laws of our Constitution and our country quite as well. So many people are trying to make it appear that these people who violate the Eighteenth Amendment are otherwise Sunday-school, go-to-meeting, respectable people. They are not.

I am watching these people and I find that they have no real respect for law in any domain of life. Furthermore, will you kindly not forget that these same people violated the law before we had prohibition. They did not observe the rules with reference to closing hours, with reference to the sale of liquor to minors, neither did they observe the law with reference to local option. They carried liquor into Dry territory and into Dry states.

The New Republic ought to be too intelligent to indulge itself in such "shilly-shally" nonsense. Do wake up Mr. Editor. Don't make us laugh.

FREDERICK W. ROMAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Joseph Wood Krutch

Five Masters, A Study in the Mutations of the Novel, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 328 pages. $3.50.

THOUGH "Five Masters" is also, as will be shown, a book for students of literature, it is primarily a sort of popularization written for the benefit of the semi-educated, for the benefit, one imagines, of the victims of our educational system, men and women who know the names of the world's great writers but have never got round to reading their books. It is sound popularization, for it does not try to be, nor can it be used as, a substitute for first-hand knowledge of the works of the writers it describes; it tries to be and is a stimulus to reading and a guide to make that reading intelligent. Mr. Krutch takes his readers by the hand and introduces them to Boccaccio, Cervantes, Richardson, Stendhal and Proust. He shows under what circumstances each writer lived, how he came to write, how his writings are related to his life and what his work has contributed to the development of prose fiction.

All this means that many passages of the book will seem to the more or less professional student of literature diffuse and elementary, but such a student will find that each essay contains at least a kernel of criticism which he cannot disregard. This is true, one suspects, not so much because Mr. Krutch was writing for his fellow critics as because he has the kind of mind that cannot ignore fundamental problems when it finds itself in their neighborhood. The subtitle of the book, "A Study of the Mutations of the Novel," does not correctly indicate the nature of the critical treatment, for the book pays relatively little attention to form and engages in almost no analysis of the kind one finds, for example, in Lubbock's "Craft of Fiction." The critical problems Mr. Krutch is interested in are those that arise in connection with the adjustment each of the five men made to the age he lived in. At the risk of being somewhat pedantic, one might say that the book is, at least in the critical core of each chapter, a study in five imaginative adaptations to the intellectual and spiritual problems created by the progressive breaking down of the medieval synthesis.

Such an approach is, of course, what we would expect from the author of "The Modern Temper." Though in "Comedy and Conscience after the Restoration" Krutch was primarily concerned with a descriptive analysis of the stages that led from Restoration comedy to sentimental comedy, and though in "Edgar Allan Poe" he was occupied with a psychoanalytical interpretation of Poe and his work, in both books he showed his sensitiveness to the ethical and philosophical perplexities that beset the modern man. That his interest in such topics was growing, his reviews and articles in The Nation made clear, and it was not surprising that he should devote his third book to a full statement of contemporary doubts and what lies behind them. Though "The Modern Temper" may be a trifle melodramatic in its despair, it does state, completely and intelligently, the problems that have been created by the dissolution of the dogmas on which Western civilization was founded. Whatever its faults, it does lay bare the intellectual bases of the dominant mood in our literature.

The thesis of "The Modern Temper" throws much light on the theses of the essays in "Five Masters." Boccaccio's mind, as Krutch sees it, was divided between a pagan joy in life and a Christian concern for the future. Only in "The Decameron" was he able to give full expression to his sense of human possibilities, and after "The Decameron" he sank back into a morass that was the gloomier because he could see that the Christian synthesis made no place for many of the values he had recognized in experience and art. The paganism that Boccaccio celebrated in "The Decameron" was only a temporary adjustment to, perhaps only a momentary escape from, the intellectual dilemmas that arose in the Renaissance. For Cervantes the problem was the conflict between the ideal and the real, and he found his answer, at least for the purpose of his art, in that anticipation of the "As if" philosophy on which "Don Quixote" is founded. A hundred and fifty years passed, with their elations and their despairs, and the rising middle class found its spokesman in Samuel Richardson, with his sentiment and his comforting theories of poetic justice. Between Richardson and Stendhal came the romantic revolution and the glorification of humanity; but Stendhal, even while romanticism was flourishing, developed the kind of bitter skepticism that has made it increasingly difficult for writers to accept the romantic notions of human grandeur. Finally we come to Proust, and Proust, as Krutch maintains, achieved his adjustment by resignation, by abandoning the struggle to participate in the life of his times. Here Krutch is stopped; he refuses to evaluate Proust's "mystical renunciation," just as he refused to evaluate Poe's attitude toward life in his book on that subject, and he bases his praise of Proust on other considerations. And yet, one cannot help noticing, withdrawal from life is the very solution to which the concluding chapters of "The Modern Temper" point.

It will be remembered that "The Modern Temper" proved unacceptable, on one ground or another, to the majority of its reviewers. The book happened to appear just at what seems to have been the turn of the tide, just when negation and despair were, so to speak, going out of fashion. We must certainly welcome the new mood of affirmation, and yet we are forced to wonder how firmly it is founded. There are two main types of affirmation. The Humanists, on the one hand, affirm the possibility of individual development through the imitation of classical models and the exercise of the inner check. On the other hand, the social radicals, now for the most part concentrated in the Communist camp, affirm the possibility of a better social order and preach the necessity of strenuous effort on its behalf. Both parties have found something to affirm, but both ignore, rather than answer, the questions which Krutch is persistently asking.

That is why Krutch is important in our intellectual world. It is possible for both Humanists and Communists to ignore for a time the question of man's relation to his universe; they can take their respective values for granted, and for a time the values will work. In the end, however, the fundamental metaphysical questions will again present themselves, and the only result of this temporary affirmativeness will be a deeper plunge into pessimism. Krutch is quite right in demanding that these problems be faced. The only fault one can find with him is that his own attack is not so resolute as it should be. It was useful to have such a statement of our situation as "The Modern Temper" gave, and it is useful to have a group of writers interpreted in the light of their relation to the problems of our age. But there will not be much value in further expositions of the desperateness of our dilemmas, and a continued preoccupation with the subject will, unless it somehow leads forward, lead backward into weak cynicism. Already we have noticed Mr. Krutch

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drawing back from the task of making ultimate evaluations, a task that he of all critics cannot afford to dodge. It has been announced that he is spending his Guggenheim year in a study of the principles of esthetics; one suspects that his future usefulness as a critic depends on the outcome of that study. GRANVILLE HICKS.

East and West on Population

Population, by Corrado Gini, Shiroshi Nasu, Robert R. Kuczynski and Oliver E. Baker. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 312 pages. $3.

Population Problems, by Warren S. Thompson. New York: The McGraw-Hill Book Company. 462 pages. $3.75.

THE CONFERENCE on Population, held at the University of Chicago on the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation, took place in June, 1929. It was attended by almost all of the special students of population in the United States, and a few foreign scholars. Much of the work at the Conference was conducted on the round-table basis, and participated in by all the members of the group. In addition, there were more formal lectures delivered by three of the foreign members, and one American. These lectures have been published in the former of the volumes noted above. Each deals with a specific topic, and, consequently, there is only the most general unity in the volume as a whole.

Professor Gini's thesis is that there is a cyclical character in the career of nations—that they are born, reach their prime and die, just like individuals. He supports this position with a large amount of historical erudition, and a vast array of references. Suspicion that he does not approach his subject in a rigidly scientific spirit, is, however, aroused by the following facts. (1) He admits a *parti pris:* "I have been, and I am, a convinced supporter of the theory of the rise and fall of population, and for the past twenty years and more I have tried to collect facts and arguments in its support." (2) He displays a certain mysticism in his conception of nature. He speaks of a "providential mechanism" and a "wise provision" of nature, and observes regretfully that "man not infrequently frustrates the subtle plan of nature." (3) He assumes a similarity between nations and individuals, for which he gives no adequate evidence. "It may reasonably be assumed that something analogous to this [the causation of death in individuals] occurs in respect of populations." (4) He is outspokenly ethnocentric. "European races, or races of European origin, undoubtedly offer us the best that the human species has so far produced. . . . The hope . . . that the Italian nation is now renewing itself to write new and glorious pages in its history is not without biological foundations."

What tends even more seriously to prevent Professor Gini's arguments from carrying conviction is the fact that, while he is dealing with a biological thesis, and asserts that the present decline in birth rates is due to biological causes, he presents virtually no biological evidence. His method of proof is to examine the social and statistical material, and, finding no conclusive evidence of causation there, to assume that the explanation must be biological.

Professor Nasu's contribution is divided into three rather unrelated subjects, all excellently handled: "The Standard of Living and the Population Problem," "The Population Problems of the East and the West" and "Can Japan Solve Her Population Problem?" In the first, the author gives a very clear and logical exposition of the now well recognized relation between the numerical aspects of population and the material aspects of human welfare. In the second, he develops the idea that the population questions in the East and the West are distinguished by three main differences: "First, the white race controls about eight-ninths of the entire earth's surface. . . . Second, oriental countries are, as yet, predominantly agricultural. . . . Third, there is a great deal of difference in the relative importance of city life and of the family system."

In the third section, Professor Nasu discusses with admirable objectivity the crucial question of Japan's population growth. He finds that the favorite remedial expedients of emigration, industrial development and agricultural development all offer some hope, but that for permanent and adequate relief they must be backed up with birth control.

Dr. Baker, in his section of the book, presents a sweeping résumé of the trend of agricultural production in North America, giving detailed estimates of the ratios of increase or decrease for the principal agricultural products. He very pertinently observes that it is futile to discuss production without considering consumption. He notes a decrease in the per-capita consumption of the cereal foodstuffs as a whole and of beef, and an increase in chickens and eggs, pork products and milk products. He finds evidence of a superfluity of agricultural resources in this country, resulting in a chronic surplus of agricultural products. It may be observed in passing that it is one of the ironical paradoxes of our contemporary civilization that such a food surplus can exist coincidently with an excess of population. Dr. Baker believes that it would be highly desirable to use this surplus to relieve the sufferings of underfed Oriental countries, but does not tell us how this is to be done. His laconic closing clause, "exports, in the long run, mean imports of something else to pay for them," opens up a question too large to be discussed here.

Dr. Kuczynski's chapter is a brief condensation of the gist of his recent important book, "The Balance of Births and Deaths in Western and Northern Europe," which is that the simple comparison of births and deaths as an indication of population growth may be very illusory, and that in point of fact the inherent rate of increase of many Western countries is much lower than is ordinarily supposed, and in some cases is actually a negative quantity.

Professor Thompson, the author of the second of these books, is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. In this capacity he has exceptional opportunity for travel and personal observation of world conditions, for which he is well fitted by training and personality. The present volume comprises what Professor Thompson presumably regards as the basic materials for studying the general field of population.

It begins with a review of early population policies and a rather extensive summary of the Malthusian doctrine, followed by a review of later theories of population growth. Birth rates and death rates then receive extensive consideration for several chapters, illustrated by many detailed statistical tables and charts. There are long chapters on the Negro in the United States and the problem of the great city. As a welcome departure from the practice followed in many books on population, the question of quality is recognized as an integral part of the subject. Finally, the author takes a look into the future, considering the question of the probable growth of population, and gives some consideration to the practical aspects of population and its control as a factor in human welfare.

It is perhaps captious to criticize, in a book that gives so much that is valuable, any omissions. Nevertheless, it

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is rather striking that there does not appear a single table presenting the expectation of life of the various countries of the world, though occasional references to the subject are to be found. Yet the expectation of life is one of the most important of all the concepts in population theory, and, incidentally, one of the most difficult to find accurate data upon. Also it is surprising to find so little space given to the topic of birth control, which is the most important recent feature in population theory, and the most significant factor in modern population trends. The author is an enthusiastic champion of birth control, as he himself frankly states. But there is no comprehensive discussion of the birth-control movement, and no consideration of the diverse practical aspects of the problem, and in the discussion of post-Malthusian theories of population, the Neo-Malthusians receive no place.

The outstanding weakness, however, in Professor Thompson's treatment is in his own interpretations of population theory. This is most conspicuous in his consideration of optimum population, which is, after all, the crux of the whole practical aspect of the question. He says that he is "forced to assume" the position that "it is so impossible to arrive at any measure, that we had best give up trying to do so," yet a hundred pages later he says, "We should consider the need for control of population growth," and goes on to say specifically that there are times when society needs different types of population growth, or even decline. But the very need of growth or decline certainly implies that one size of population is better than another, and this in turn implies that there is a size of population which is best. The fact that it is difficult to determine optimum population mathematically is no excuse for discarding the concept from population theory, or for failing to attempt to achieve it by pragmatic population policies.

These specific flaws, mention of which is justified only by the extreme importance of the subject, do not seriously detract from the great value of the book, which is a welcome contribution to the understanding of one of the paramount problems of contemporary life.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

Moral for Millionaires

The Black Baron: The Strange Life of Gilles de Rais, by Tennille Dix. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. 350 pages. $3.50.

Alias Bluebeard, by Emile Gabory. New York: Brewer and Warren. 315 pages. $3.

THE MODERN voyager between Angers and Nantes will perceive on his right the ruins of an old fortress called Chantocé. It is all that is left of a magnificent chateau which, in the full decline of the Middle Ages, reared its eleven towers over the Loire and was possessed by a wealthy member of the Rais-Laval combination, then subject to the independent Dukes of Brittany. Today a malediction seems to brood over the scattered property of the family, like the bluish smoke which hangs over those forests where the sun never penetrates. The whole wild country is beautiful and somehow abhorred, like the opening passage to Coleridge's "Cristabel." Of the many-towered Tiffauges in planturous Poitou to the south, of Machecoul hemmed in by the sighing forests, of the splendid-colored manor of La Suze in Nantes itself, there is hardly a trace, save this lonely Angevin ruin and a ditch filled with sluggish water. The decline commenced, historically speaking, about the year 1439.

In that year a curious phenomenon was observed in the lost provinces of Maine, Anjou and Brittany itself. The peasants began to lose their children. Contrary to the usual impression, and in spite of the ravages of the Hundred Years' War, the country seems to have been pleasant and prosperous. There was no lack of decent roads and fair inns; poor people were often able to send their children to day schools, and the existence of the working class was, to say the least, as civilized as that of the average strap-hanger from the Bronx. Though there were exceptions to the rule, the great majority of the vanished children belonged to the male sex. Some boy, homeward bound from dame's school, would linger by a clearing; no cry broke the noontime stillness; but in a moment it was as if he were not, and he never came back. Some good-looking little vagabond would loiter with a dozen others about the kitchens of the dim Nantes hotel; in the evening there was one child less, and that was all. Some of the testimony later elicited from parents still reads very touchingly . . . a boy *"qui allait a l'école et apprenait moult bien,"* says one mother; another child, Colin Aprille, *"estoit moult bel et moult blanc et un abile enfant,"* et cetera. Eventually a minimum of 200 disappearances was established by the ecclesiastical court of Nantes, but the number actually confessed to and explained does not exceed 140. At first opinion was divided among the people on whether their children had been ravished by bad fairies or by the English; these two species, during the Age of Faith in France, being not unreasonably identified. Terror spread through three provinces. The whole northwest region of old France appeared locked in an evil enchantment. From the age of enlightenment onward, notable savants, including Voltaire and Dr. Hernandez, have said tush, tush to this epic of domestic desolation, and described it as a farrago of trumped-up "evidence" directed against an inconveniently wealthy victim. In the same spirit they have pooh-poohed the confession of the defense, though even in its ancient, crabbed French, its appalling realism leaps to the eye. Surely there can be nothing on earth so unreasonable as the trained rationalist. It must have occurred, even to the divine Arouet, that the energy and concupiscence of a whole ninefold hierarchy of greedy prelates and tenants-in-chief could not have invented or produced 140 poor families, each one of whom had lost a child.

The real hero of the judicial drama which ensued was a clergyman, Jehan de Malestroit, Bishop of Nantes. It was one of those rare instances when the medieval Church vindicated its reputation as the protector of the poor in a signally magnificent fashion. The prelate made a pastoral visit through his diocese, heard the complaints, sifted the evidence, separated the kernels of truth from the chaff of witchcraft, fairy stories, old wives' tales, etc., and in a perfectly modern and sensible fashion saw that he had to deal with a sadist on an unprecedented scale. The result of his investigation was the arrest, public confession and punishment of a very great man in those parts, Gilles de Rais, lord of Machecoul, Tiffauges, Chantocé and other parts (one of his manors was called St. Stephen *of the Dead Sea)* and Marshal of France. After the wars, he had retired to one or another of his sinister castles, where he soon dissipated his vast fortune in collecting books, tapestries, objects of art, jewels, wines; in directing dramatic entertainments and in buying up the best boy choristers in France to be employed at Divine Service in his sumptuous chapels. Save for an abnormal love of sacred music chanted by untainted voices, his mentality seems to have been that of the ordinary vulgar esthete described in

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the imitated pages of Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray." At the end of four years he was ruined in fortune; and he was also terribly bored. To retrieve the former he had recourse to medieval magic (which involved human sacrifice), and thus and not otherwise he was led to amuse himself by killing about 140 little boys. He had discovered, like many another commonplace pervert before and since his time, that each man in his fashion kills the thing he loves.

This is the real story of Gilles de Rais, and we have always declined to join the clamor of horrified amazement which rises whenever his name is mentioned. It seems inconceivable to many people that this man who had been *"bon et hardi capitaine,"* had remained a good Catholic and was, compared to the brute bulk of his peers, a cultivated and agreeable fellow, should have become the vilest and most cowardly of murderers, and on such a scale! What they really feel is that a man who revived the admirable *Stabat Mater* and arranged the famous Mass of Gillaume de Machault for four mixed voices could not have abused and exquisitely tortured nearly two hundred children. Gilles understood his own case better than many modern pathologists. He would have told you that the choice between devoting his life to Gillaume de Machault and his more recondite pursuits was a choice between two sensualities, that the stronger won the victory. He would have said: "What I do is natural because natural to me, inevitable and irresistible in fact." Every amateur pervert, when he reasons at all, makes the same excuse to himself. Moreover, there is nothing to show that he had a particularly superior intelligence for his times. To be sure, he possessed a good library, all things considered, a Suetonius, the "Metamorphoses," "The City of God," all violet morocco and silver clasps; but nothing proves that he ever looked inside the bindings, except in the case of Suetonius —one can imagine for what motive. His attitude toward beautiful letters was that of the Earl in Shaw's play for whom a "bonny book" was made to be fingered, and not read. It is easy to say that he was insane, too easy. He was no more insane, in a proper sense, than the youthful assassins of Bobby Franks, than the police spy, Haarmann, who cruised around sordid Hanoverian depots for the same end as the Marshal in the Breton forests. The modern researches of Freud, Moll, Hirschfield and others furnish more complicated accounts of his malady, but these accounts explain rather than enlighten. The medieval bishops who tried him evoked the name of Satan and let it go at that. They rid the world of him, and prayed for his soul. We find something reasonable and clean about this method. At least Satan seems to us as realistic a symbol as the All-Enlightening Gland.

Mr. Dix's book on the Marshal is another imaginative biography. The author's attitude toward the splendid enormities of the time reminds us a little of Mr. Robinson's beautiful verses about Miniver Cheevy:

> Miniver loved the Medici,
> Albeit he had never seen one;
> He would have sinned incessantly
> If he had been one.

A great deal of energy has gone into the book, and some erudition, especially in the realm of medieval sorcery, but also there has gone a great deal of undergraduate writing. In places the prose is as flamboyant as the Marshal's favorite architecture, but not perhaps so interesting. The volume is over long.

Emile Gabory has written a temperate biography of Gilles de Rais in much less space, and it will be remembered that a certain Huysmans told the whole truth about him in some fifty quintessential pages. Why is it that a Frenchman does this sort of thing so much more deftly than his transatlantic compeer? "Alias Bluebeard" is not, thank heaven, a novelized biography; it wholly lacks even a momentary flash of sensationalism, but it is by the same token an honest, unhysterical and self-respecting piece of work. M. Gabory, though far from being conspicuously clerical, makes short shift with the Reinachs and professional whitewashers of the Marshal in an amusing and well reasoned appendix. His own view of the great Gothic criminal is replete with common sense. "One may wonder if his halo as companion of the Maid of Orleans, if the melodious choirs, the sadism, the mystery of evocations, the incense and the lights have not built an ultra-romantic legend about him, and that stripped of these artifices, he does not appear a mere vulgar assassin, though indubitably an artist and a great lord."

Incidentally there are two points about Gilles de Rais that no biographer has succeeded in clearing up. What became of the collegial foundation of the Holy Innocents which he established after some sanguinary orgy, with funds to be administered by the Duke of Brittany, the King, the Holy Father and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem? And why do Breton mothers and barren women still evoke his name, of all people's, at Nantes? Universal History, as Carlyle would have said, is not indifferent.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Chelsea Rooming House

Chelsea Rooming House, by Horace Gregory. New York: Covici, Friede. 65 pages. $2.

THE VIGOR of Horace Gregory's work is not the only characteristic to recommend it. For its vigor might arise from the subject matter alone, and not at all from the verse. Many of the subjects in Mr. Gregory's poems might easily come out of those obscure items in a newspaper which are moving and terror-striking because all softness has gone from the account of them. They are believable because unrelieved by any word of pity. One can have a kind of admiration for the mind that is able to grasp the essentials of such subjects. But for admirable verse, there must be other peculiarly poetic properties, of the sort possessed by "Chelsea Rooming House."

It is unfortunate that the word "rhetoric" has fallen into such derogatory uses. A word which might be constantly and favorably used to mean "the manner of exact and profound language to arouse like motions" now describes the boiling of words in a politician's mouth. But there is no other word to name lines like

> —how mighty tissues burn
> with ancient energy:
> see the limbs and torso risen
> from the earth again
> through stones and bricks
> and hard pine floors
> flowering through bed sheets. . . .

from "Epithalamium 1930." The giant "dreaming over his blond moustaches in the subway," brought low, in the indirect method of Mr. Gregory's verse, to the conditions of mean marriage, deserves the language in the lines quoted. They belong to the tradition of verse which is rarely exemplified when the subject, on the face of it, seems mean. The contrasts evoked by pointing with scorn

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and naming with pride are almost completely left aside in this book of verse. And poets slip into it as easily as orators.

Occasionally, Mr. Gregory does not trust his own best purposes. For example, he invests his title with an air of topical social criticism by dating the "Epithalamium." He must know, as the poem itself shows, that giants have been brought to unseemly beds before 1930. The title belongs to Aldous Huxley; the giant belongs to the line Mark Antony headed.

The language of these poems, in general, is dramatic language. That does not mean that it is the language of dramatic verse; only that it has an intensity which rises from the climax the individuals speaking feel within their own beings: "Jesse James, the Preacher's Son"

> —didn't smoke, drink, chew or swear
> but he liked to see sweet Hell cut loose
> from the sharp blue barrel
> of a smart six-shooter.

Sometimes the intensity veers over into melodrama; perhaps only for me, and not for Mr. Gregory and others. There are, undoubtedly, ample grounds to justify certain passages, particularly in the middle section, for example, in "McAlpin Garfinkel, Poet": the necessity for making the raging fear of the man concrete and positive; the need to describe, without directly doing it, an inner, unreasoned slapping of arms about in the air. On these grounds, then, the defense could be made that no other metaphoric devices were possible. Certainly, nothing usual would have served the uniqueness of Mr. Gregory's problem; but it does seem as though he had solved it more satisfactorily in such pieces as "Prisoner's Song" or "No Cock Crows at Morning." The doubtful issue raised by this characteristic of the poems cannot obscure the excellence of "O Metaphysical Head" or "Flora" or "Listen Friend." They are contributions—in fact, the whole volume is—to restoring the high uses of rhetoric.

KENNETH WHITE.

Contributors

JAMES WINDER GOOD, the well known Irish journalist and student of Irish politics, died in Dublin recently after a short illness. His journalistic career included such posts as leader writer for The Freeman's Journal and leader writer and dramatic critic for The Irish Independent. He was the author of "Ulster and Ireland."

JOHN PEALE BISHOP is the author of a book of poems, "Green Fruit," and co-author of "The Undertaker's Garland." A novelette by him, "Many Thousands Gone," has recently appeared in Scribner's Mazagine, and he has in preparation a volume of stories about the South.

BULKLEY S. GRIFFIN conducts a Washington news bureau.

PADRAIC COLUM'S new book of verse, "Old Pastures," is to be published by Macmillan this week.

T. S. MATTHEWS is literary editor of Time.

GRANVILLE HICKS contributes articles to The Nation, The Forum and other magazines. He is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD is head of the Department of Sociology at New York University and is president of the American Eugenics Society and of the Population Reference Bureau.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT, the author of "Story of the Catholic Church," contributes articles and reviews to The New Freeman, The Commonweal and other magazines.

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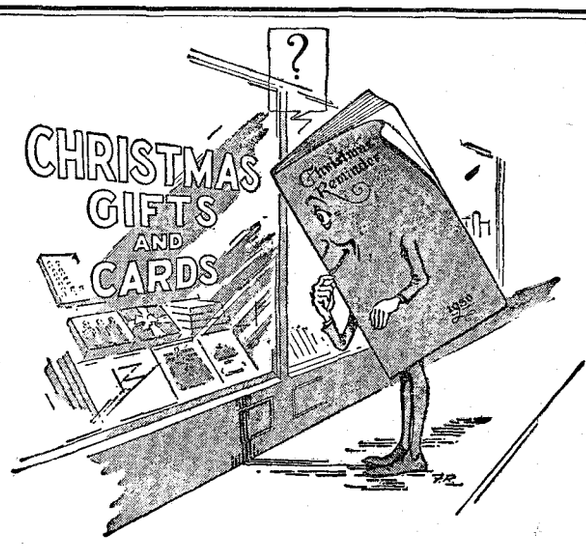

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